WHIZ COMICS

SEPT.
No. 8

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢

WHIZ COMICS' TRADING POST

NOTE: *If you are interested in any of these articles offered for trade, WRITE DIRECT to the boy or girl whose name and address appear in the Swap Notice. PLEASE DO NOT SEND your letter to WHIZ COMICS.*

AIRPLANE

Will trade blue and silver model airplane for Boy Scout flashlight with belt hook. Write to Karl Danielson, 3676 Falls Road, Baltimore, Md.

BANNERS

Will trade three banners (Brooklyn Dodgers, St. Mary's and Cornell) in excellent condition for anything that pleases me. Write to David Martin, Jr. 38 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOOK

Will trade penalty book, *The Worst Pupil Ever* almost brand new for microscope with achromatic powers. Write to Benjamin Capone 82 Reservoir Ave. Revere, Mass.

BOOK

Will trade chemistry book containing more than 200 experiments, 100 illustrations directions for making chemical magic safe fireworks, inks, paints etc.—for 100 different stamps. Write to Tony Lewenski, N.M.H., Canonsburg, N. Y.

CAMERA

Will trade swell Univex Model A camera (3½" x 2½") for jackknife with blade 4¼" or longer. Write to Bobby Ryan, 72 Pearl Ave. Revere, Mass.

CAP GUN

Will trade swell police cap gun—for indoor baseball in good shape. Write to Salvatore Mule 442 Monroe St. Passaic, N. J.

DRAWING SET

Will trade complete mechanical drawing set for earphones, radio meters, etc. Write to Kenneth L. Merten, Healdsburg, Cal.

GAME

Will trade complete deck for Quartet card game good shape. Full directions for 10 foreign stamps. Write to Faye Treadway, Crenshaw, Miss.

GAME

Will trade *Bingo* set and *Game of Telegraphy* both in good condition for anything you have that pleases me. Write to Ruth Brockway, Box 78, Clermont, Fla.

HIKE-O-METER

Will trade swell hike-o-meter (tells you how far you walk)—for book of science. Write to James Nagle, 29 Jefferson Ave., Riverside, R. I.

KNIFE

Will trade jack-knife (almost new cost $1.25) for 2- or 3-cell flashlight with batteries. Write to Charles John Dyke, College Heights, Alberta, Can.

MICROPHONE

Will trade de luxe desk model radio microphone for anything you have that pleases me. Write to Buddy Lackey, Mountain View, Ark.

MODEL BOAT

Will trade "Old Ironsides" ship model (18" long, 3½" wide) for fast power jigsaw. Write to Walter Zbikowski, 16 Columbus St., Leominster, Mass.

MOVIE FILMS

Will trade movie films for other movie films. Write to Roland Chevrefils, Upper Granbyville, Vt.

MOVIE PROJECTOR

Will trade swell hand-cranking Keystone movie projector with films for good catcher's glove. Write to Arthur Brown, Jr. 1113 West Hamburg St., Baltimore, Md.

RADIO

Will trade small Emerson radio in good condition for new 26 two-wheel bicycle. Write to Lenore Markowski, 49 Beckett St., Providence, R. I.

RECORDS

Will trade slightly used Victor records (cowboy) for physical culture course. Write to Jack Thompson, Jr., 346 Mayflower Rd., West Palm Beach, Fla.

STAMPS

Will trade foreign stamps—for World War relics such as empty shells, guns, bullets, medals, etc. Write to Jerry Lynch, 324 Hudson Ave., Albany, N. Y.

P. S. If you have something to trade—and you're looking for someone to trade with—write out a Swap Notice (like those printed above) and send it to

TRADING POST, WHIZ COMICS, 1501 Broadway, New York City

We'll print your Swap Notice in the first available issue of WHIZ COMICS—ABSOLUTELY FREE. All we ask is that you be completely honest in your Swap Notice and do not misrepresent any article offered for trade.

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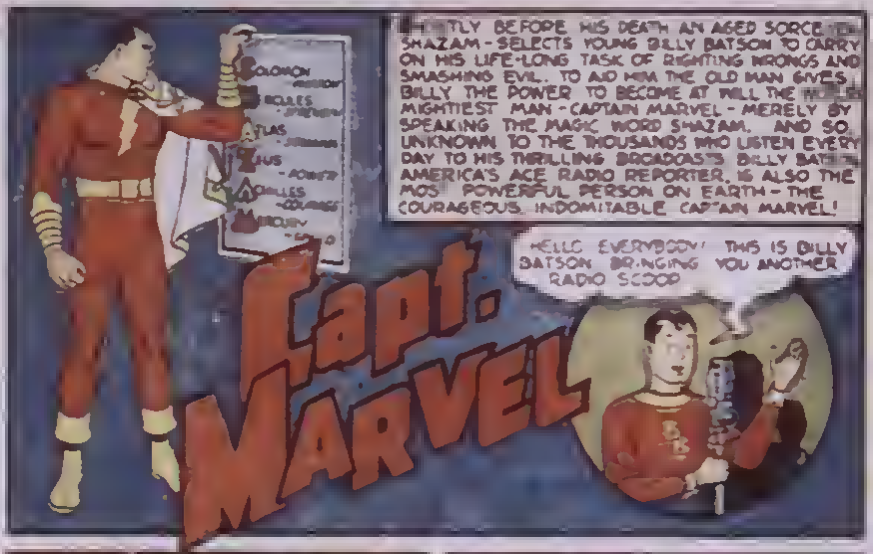
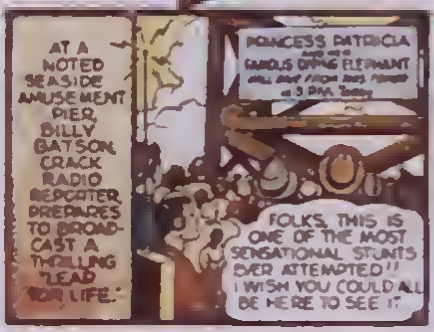
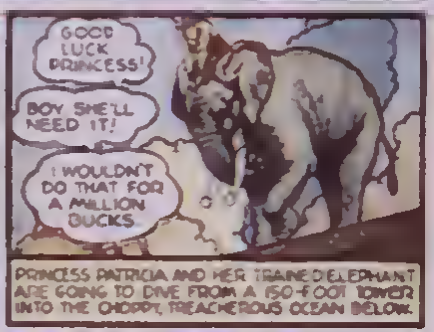
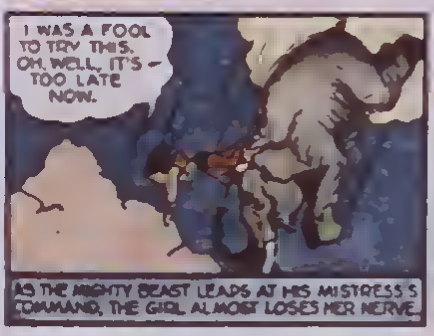
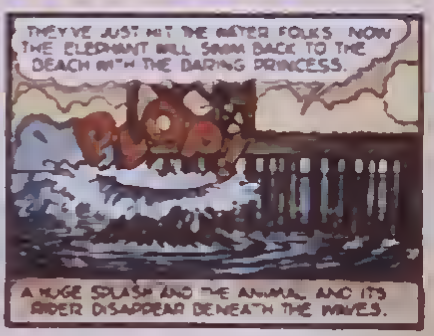
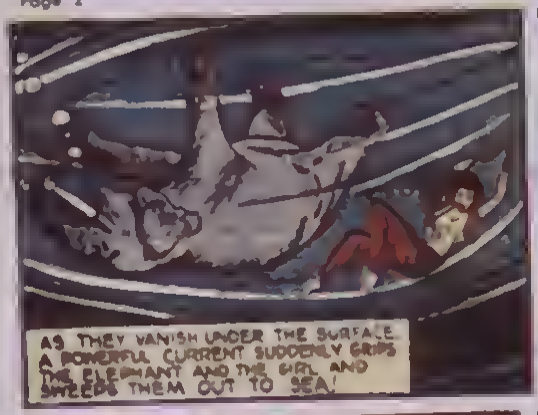

SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH AN AGED SORCERER - SHAZAM - SELECTS YOUNG BILLY BATSON TO CARRY ON HIS LIFE-LONG TASK OF RIGHTING WRONGS AND SMASHING EVIL. TO AID HIM THE OLD MAN GIVES BILLY THE POWER TO BECOME AT WILL THE MIGHTIEST MAN - CAPTAIN MARVEL - MERELY BY SPEAKING THE MAGIC WORD SHAZAM. AND SO UNKNOWN TO THE THOUSANDS WHO LISTEN EVERY DAY TO HIS THRILLING BROADCASTS BILLY BATSON AMERICA'S ACE RADIO REPORTER, IS ALSO THE MOST POWERFUL PERSON ON EARTH - THE COURAGEOUS, INDOMITABLE CAPTAIN MARVEL!
SOLOMON
HERCULES
ATLAS
ZEUS
ACHILLES
MERCURY
Capt. MARVEL
HELLO EVERYBODY! THIS IS BILLY BATSON BRINGING YOU ANOTHER RADIO SCOOP

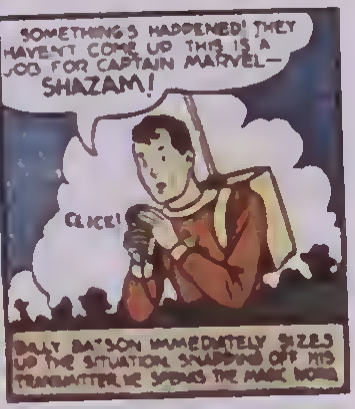

AT A NOTED SEASIDE AMUSEMENT PIER, BILLY BATSON, CRACK RADIO REPORTER PREPARES TO BROADCAST A THRILLING "LEAD FOR LIFE."
PRINCESS PATRICIA AND HER FAMOUS DIVING ELEPHANT
FOLKS, THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL STUNTS EVER ATTEMPTED!! I WISH YOU COULD ALL BE HERE TO SEE IT!

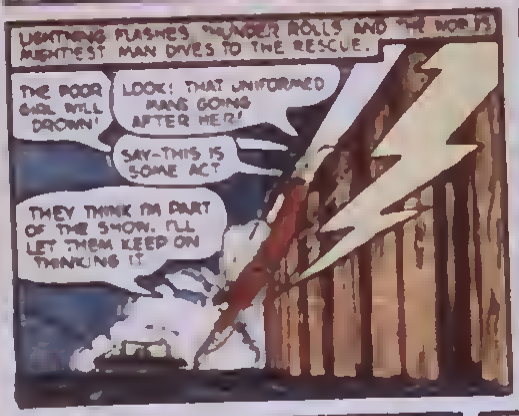

GOOD LUCK PRINCESS!
BOY SHE'LL NEED IT!
I WOULDN'T DO THAT FOR A MILLION BUCKS
PRINCESS PATRICIA AND HER TRAINED ELEPHANT ARE GOING TO DIVE FROM A 150-FOOT TOWER INTO THE CHOPPY, TREACHEROUS OCEAN BELOW.

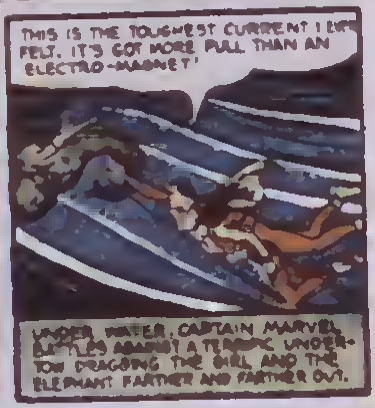

I WAS A FOOL TO TRY THIS. OH, WELL, IT'S - TOO LATE NOW.
AS THE MIGHTY BEAST LEAPS AT HIS MISTRESS'S COMMAND, THE GIRL ALMOST LOSES HER NERVE.


THEY'VE JUST HIT THE WATER FOLKS. NOW THE ELEPHANT WILL SWIM BACK TO THE BEACH WITH THE DARING PRINCESS.
PLOP
A HUGE SPLASH AND THE ANIMAL AND ITS RIDER DISAPPEAR BENEATH THE WAVES.

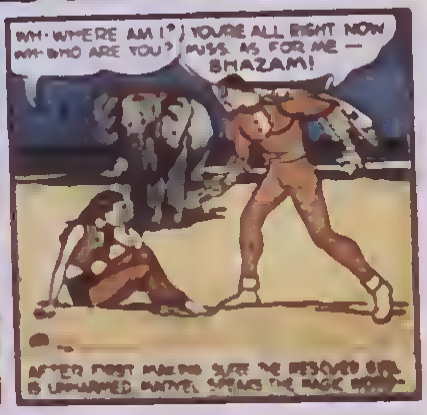

AS THEY VANISH UNDER THE SURFACE A POWERFUL CURRENT SUDDENLY GRIPS THE ELEPHANT AND THE GIRL AND SWEEPS THEM OUT TO SEA!


SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! THEY HAVEN'T COME UP! THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL— SHAZAM!
CLICK!
BILLY BATSON IMMEDIATELY SIZES UP THE SITUATION. SNAPPING OFF HIS TRANSMITTER, HE SPEAKS THE MAGIC WORD


LIGHTNING FLASHES, THUNDER ROLLS AND THE MORTAL MIGHTIEST MAN DIVES TO THE RESCUE.
THE POOR GIRL WILL DROWN!
LOOK! THAT UNIFORMED MANS GOING AFTER HER!
SAY—THIS IS SOME ACT
THEY THINK I'M PART OF THE SHOW. I'LL LET THEM KEEP ON THINKING IT


THIS IS THE TOUGHEST CURRENT I EVER FELT. IT'S GOT MORE PULL THAN AN ELECTRO-MAGNET!
UNDER WATER, CAPTAIN MARVEL BATTLES AGAINST A TERRIFIC UNDER-TOW DRAGGING THE GIRL AND THE ELEPHANT FARTHER AND FARTHER OUT.

THANK GOODNESS THEY'RE BOTH ALIVE! I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT CURRENT—IT WASN'T NATURAL


MM-WHERE AM I?
MM-WHO ARE YOU?
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW MISS. AS FOR ME— SHAZAM!

A TERRIFIC BOLT OF THUNDER SHATTERS THE SKY AND -

B-AM

WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT MAN WHO RESCUED ME? WH-WHERE DID HE GO?

MAN, MA'AM? I'M AFRAID YOU'RE MIS'TAKEN THERE WASN'T ANY MAN HERE JUST ME - THAT'S ALL

CAPTAIN MARVEL ONCE MORE BECOMES BILLY BATSON.

WELL, ANYWAY, HE SAVED ME FROM DROWNING. THE CURRENT UNDER WATER WAS SO STRONG IT FELT LIKE THE SUCTION FROM AN AIRPLANE PROPELLER. IT - WAS TERRIBLE.

THAT YACHT LOOKS AS IF IT'S IN A HURRY TO GET AWAY FROM HERE. WHAT'S THE NAME OF IT?

IT'S CALLED 'SKULL', SON. BUNNO WHO OWNS IT

A FEW MINUTES LATER BILLY NOTICES A BOAT, WHICH HAD ANCHORED OFF THE END OF THE PIER, SUDDENLY GET UP STEAM AND SAIL AWAY

SO THEY GOT AWAY EH? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG

RIGHT SIR. THE MACHINERY IS IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION.

ABOARD THE YACHT 'SKULL', A SINISTER FIGURE LOOKS SHOREWARD AS THE BOAT RACES OFF.

WELL NEXT TIME THERE WILL BE NO MISTAKE. MY-PLAN-MUST-NOT-FAIL!

AND THE SINISTER FIGURE IS NONE OTHER THAN THE INFAMOUS SCOURGE OF THE SEA - CAPTAIN DEATH!

- DAILY PULP -

SEVEN MORE VANISH AT JERSEY RESORT

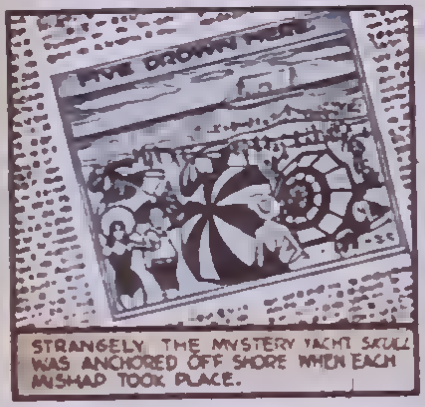
TIMES -

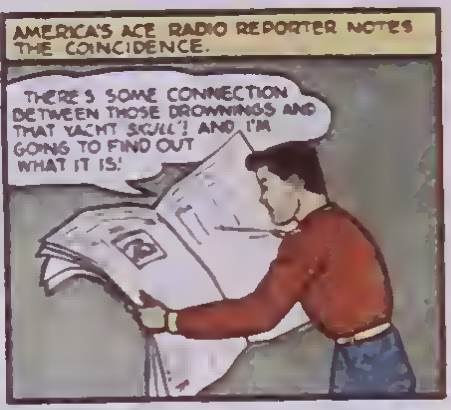
TEN DROWN NONE FO

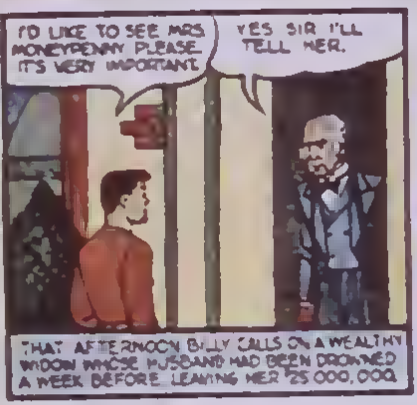
- DAILY EXPRESS -

MYSTERIOUS DROWNING TERRIFY EAST COAST. NO BODIES RECOVER

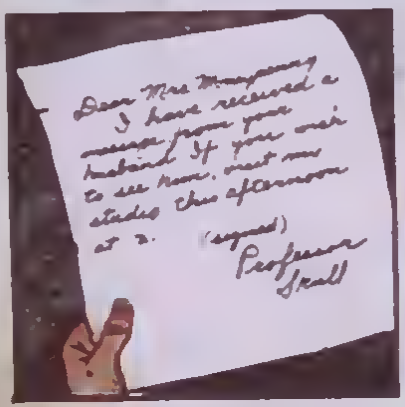
A FEW WEEKS LATER A SERIES OF BATHING TRAGEDIES SWEEPS THE EASTERN SEABOARD.


FIVE DROWN HERE
STRANGELY THE MYSTERY YACHT SKULL WAS ANCHORED OFF SHORE WHEN EACH MISHAP TOOK PLACE.

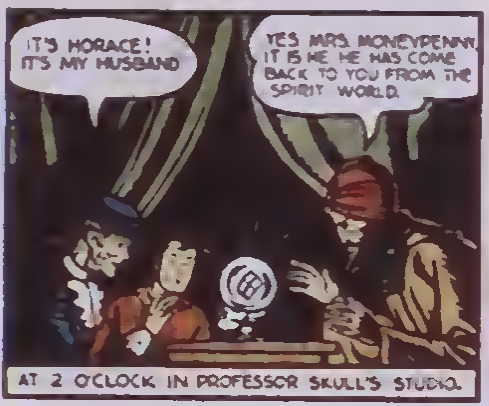

AMERICA'S ACE RADIO REPORTER NOTES THE COINCIDENCE.
THERE'S SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THOSE DROWNINGS AND THAT YACHT SKULL! AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

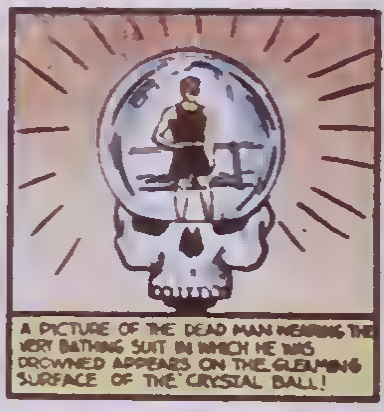

I'D LIKE TO SEE MRS MONEYPENNY PLEASE. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.
YES SIR I'LL TELL HER.
THAT AFTERNOON BILLY CALLS ON A WEALTHY WIDOW WHOSE HUSBAND HAD BEEN DROWNED A WEEK BEFORE LEAVING HER $5 000,000.

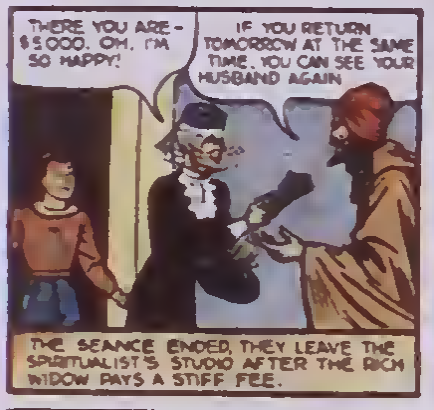
YOU CAME TO INQUIRE ABOUT MY POOR DEAD HUSBAND? ISN'T IT STRANGE - I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM HIM!
MAY I SEE IT?
MRS. MONEYPENNY'S GRIEF AT HER HUSBAND'S DEATH HAS VANISHED.


Dear Mrs Moneypenny
I have received a message from your husband. If you wish to see him, meet me at my studio this afternoon at 2.
(signed)
Professor Skull

PROFESSOR SKULL! AND THE NAME OF THE YACHT WAS 'SKULL'!
DO YOU MIND IF I GO WITH YOU?
NOT AT ALL I'D BE GLAD TO HAVE SOMEONE SHARE MY HAPPINESS.

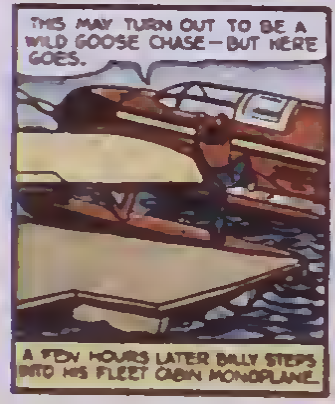

IT'S HORACE! IT'S MY HUSBAND
YES MRS. MONEYPENNY, IT IS HE. HE HAS COME BACK TO YOU FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.
AT 2 O'CLOCK IN PROFESSOR SKULL'S STUDIO.

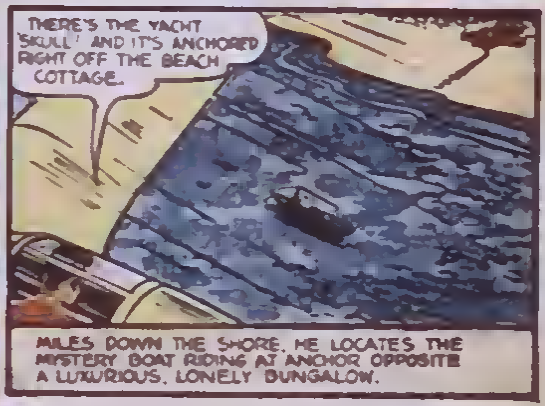

A PICTURE OF THE DEAD MAN WEARING THE VERY BATHING SUIT IN WHICH HE WAS DROWNED APPEARS ON THE GLEAMING SURFACE OF THE CRYSTAL BALL!

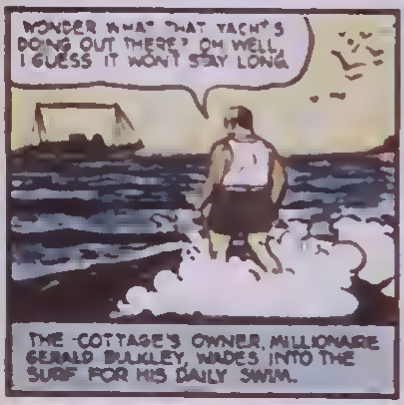

THERE YOU ARE - $5,000. OH, I'M SO HAPPY!
IF YOU RETURN TOMORROW AT THE SAME TIME, YOU CAN SEE YOUR HUSBAND AGAIN
THE SEANCE ENDED, THEY LEAVE THE SPIRITUALIST'S STUDIO AFTER THE RICH WIDOW PAYS A STIFF FEE.

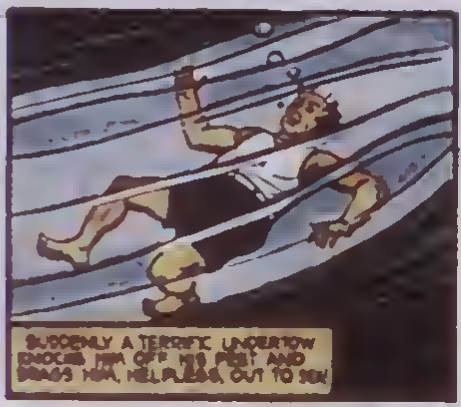
OH, WASN'T IT WONDERFUL! MY DEAR HUSBAND WAS DEAD-AND NOW HE'S COME BACK TO ME, IN SPIRIT AT LEAST
YES, IT WAS WONDERFUL MRS. MONEYPENNY. WELL, GOODBYE. THANKS FOR LETTING ME ACCOMPANY YOU.
THE WIDOW IS OVERJOYED- BUT BILLY IS SUSPICIOUS OF THE SELF STYLED PROFESSOR SKULL.

I THINK THE WHOLE THINGS A RACKET- THE CRUELEST ONE I EVER HEARD OF AND I'M GOING TO BREAK IT UP.

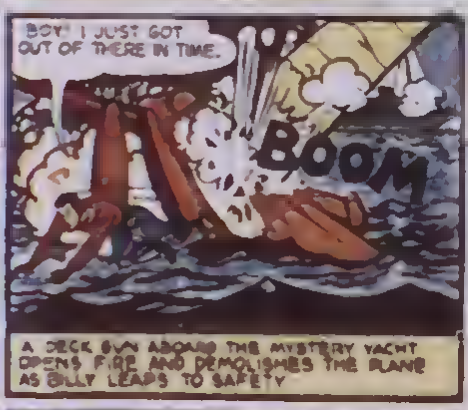

THIS MAY TURN OUT TO BE A WILD GOOSE CHASE—BUT HERE GOES.
A FEW HOURS LATER BILLY STEPS INTO HIS FLEET CABIN MONOPLANE.

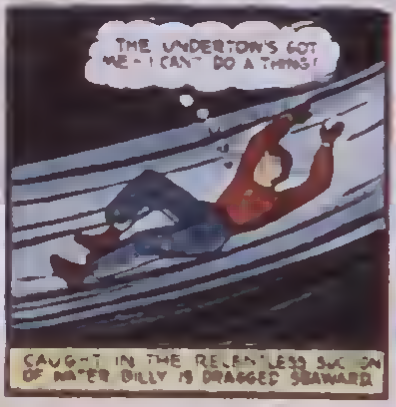

THERE'S THE YACHT 'SKULL' AND IT'S ANCHORED RIGHT OFF THE BEACH COTTAGE.
MILES DOWN THE SHORE, HE LOCATES THE MYSTERY BOAT RIDING AT ANCHOR OPPOSITE A LUXURIOUS, LONELY BUNGALOW.

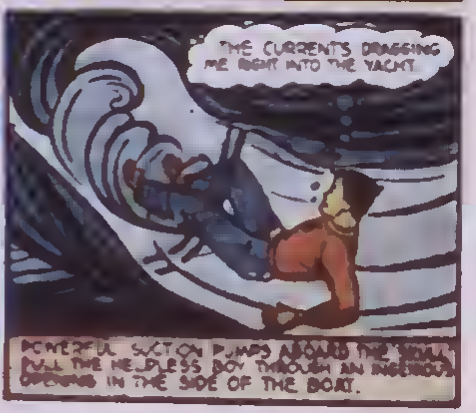

WONDER WHAT THAT YACHT'S DOING OUT THERE? OH WELL, I GUESS IT WON'T STAY LONG.
THE COTTAGE'S OWNER, MILLIONAIRE GERALD BULKLEY, WADES INTO THE SURF FOR HIS DAILY SWIM.

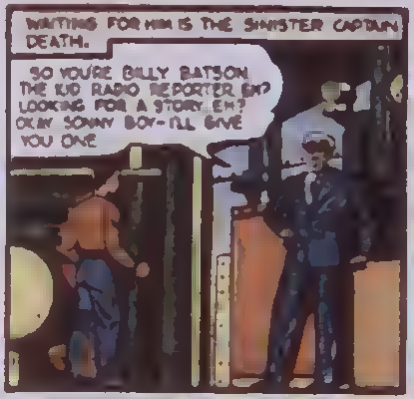

SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC UNDERTOW KNOCKS HIM OFF HIS FEET AND DRAGS HIM, HELPLESS, OUT TO SEA

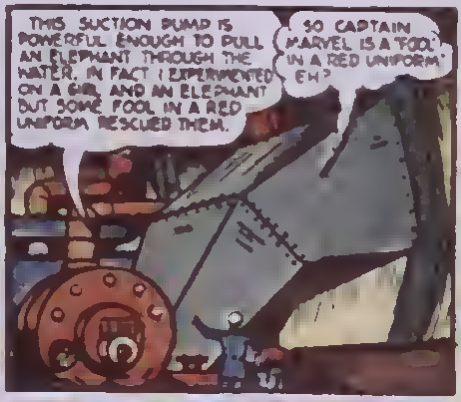
THAT MAN WILL DROWN! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM.
SEEING THE MILLIONAIRE DISAPPEAR BILLY LANDS HIS PLANE ON THE WATER.


BOY! I JUST GOT OUT OF THERE IN TIME.
BOOM
A DECK GUN ABOARD THE MYSTERY YACHT OPENS FIRE AND DEMOLISHES THE PLANE AS BILLY LEAPS TO SAFETY

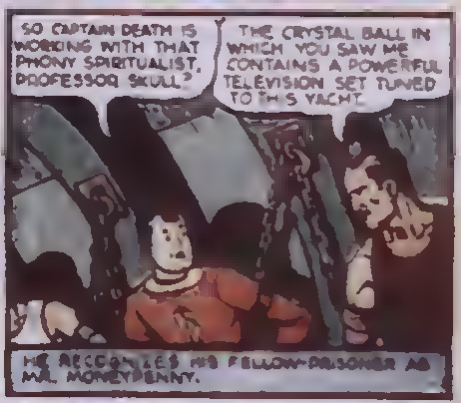

THE UNDERTOW'S GOT ME - I CAN'T DO A THING!
CAUGHT IN THE RELENTLESS SUCTION OF WATER BILLY IS DRAGGED SEAWARD

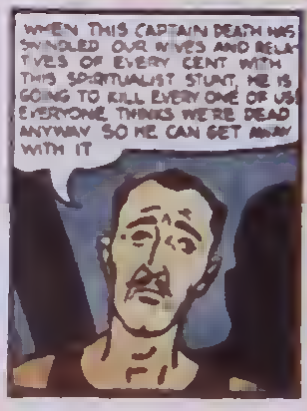

THE CURRENT'S DRAGGING ME RIGHT INTO THE YACHT.
POWERFUL SUCTION PUMPS ABOARD THE YACHT PULL THE HELPLESS BOY THROUGH AN INGENIOUS OPENING IN THE SIDE OF THE BOAT.


WAITING FOR HIM IS THE SINISTER CAPTAIN DEATH.
SO YOU'RE BILLY BATSON THE KID RADIO REPORTER, EH? LOOKING FOR A STORY, EH? OKAY SONNY BOY - I'LL GIVE YOU ONE


THIS SUCTION PUMP IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO PULL AN ELEPHANT THROUGH THE WATER. IN FACT I EXPERIMENTED ON A GIRL AND AN ELEPHANT BUT SOME FOOL IN A RED UNIFORM RESCUED THEM.
SO CAPTAIN MARVEL IS A "FOOL IN A RED UNIFORM" EH?

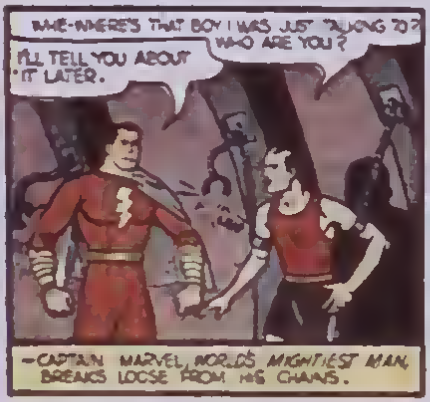
GOOD LORD! HE'S KIDNAPED DOZENS OF PEOPLE.
A MOMENT LATER BILLY IS PUSHED INTO THE DUNGEON-LIKE HOLD WHERE CAPTAIN DEATH KEEPS HIS CAPTIVES.


SO CAPTAIN DEATH IS WORKING WITH THAT PHONY SPIRITUALIST, PROFESSOR SKULL?
THE CRYSTAL BALL IN WHICH YOU SAW ME CONTAINS A POWERFUL TELEVISION SET TUNED TO HIS YACHT.
HE RECOGNIZES HIS FELLOW-PRISONER AS MR. MONEYPENNY.

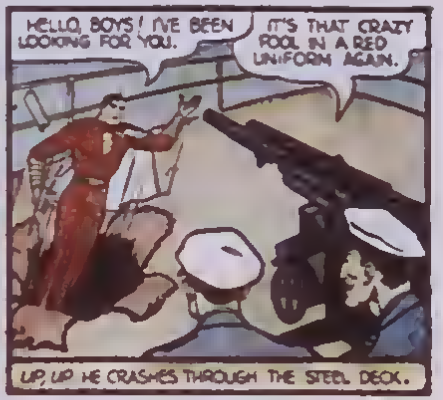

WHEN THIS CAPTAIN DEATH HAS SWINDLED OUR WIVES AND RELATIVES OF EVERY CENT WITH THIS SPIRITUALIST STUNT, HE IS GOING TO KILL EVERY ONE OF US! EVERYONE THINKS WE'RE DEAD ANYWAY SO HE CAN GET AWAY WITH IT

WELL, HE'S NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT! SHAZAM!
AS BILLY SPEAKS THE MARK NORD-

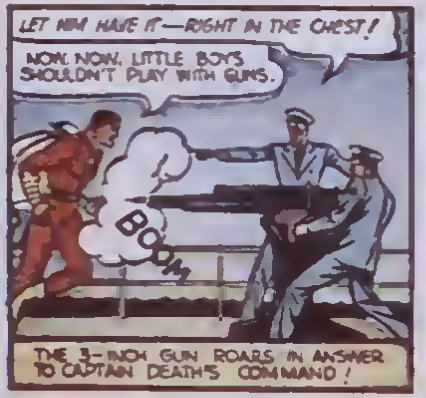
-AN EAR-SHATTERING THUNDERCLAP ECHOES THROUGH THE HOLD AND-
BOOOM
CRASH!



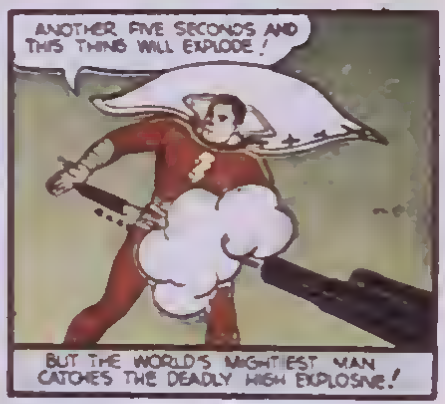
—CAPTAIN MARVEL, WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN, BREAKS LOOSE FROM HIS CHAINS.



UP, UP HE CRASHES THROUGH THE STEEL DECK.



THE 3-INCH GUN ROARS IN ANSWER TO CAPTAIN DEATH'S COMMAND!

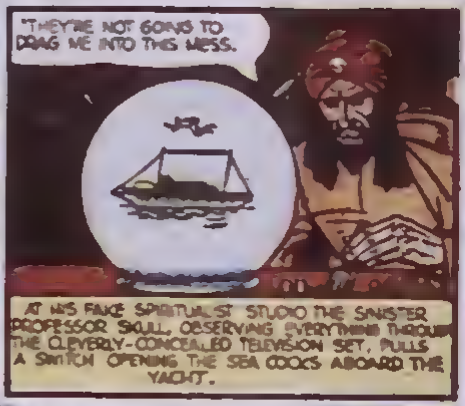


BUT THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN CATCHES THE DEADLY HIGH EXPLOSIVE!

HE BITES OFF THE TIME FUSE, RENDERING THE SHELL HARMLESS.

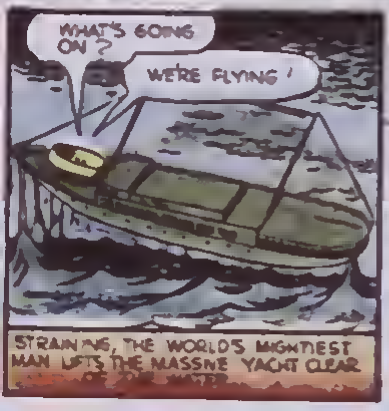
IGNORING THE DEADLY PROJECTILES WHICH BOUNCE OFF HIS BACK, CAPTAIN MARVEL RIPS LOOSE THE YACHT'S FUNNEL.

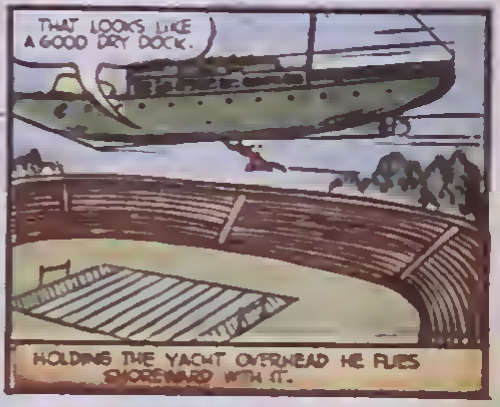
THIS WILL KEEP YOU BOYS QUIET FOR A WHILE.
THE HUGE SMOKESTACK MAKES A CONVENIENT CAGE.


"THEY'RE NOT GOING TO DRAG ME INTO THIS MESS.
AT HIS FAKE SPIRITUALIST STUDIO THE SINISTER PROFESSOR SKULL, OBSERVING EVERYTHING THROUGH THE CLEVERLY-CONCEALED TELEVISION SET, PULLS A SWITCH OPENING THE SEA COCKS ABOARD THE YACHT.

HEY, THE WATER'S COMING IN!
WE'LL DROWN LIKE RATS!
PEOPLE WHO LIVE LIKE RATS OUGHT TO DIE LIKE RATS — BUT DON'T WORRY— YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE, YET.

I'M AFRAID THIS BOAT'S GOING TO BE A BIT HEAVY.
DIVING DEEP, MARVEL COMES UP UNDER THE YACHT'S KEEL.


WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE'RE FLYING!
STRAINING, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN LIFTS THE MASSIVE YACHT CLEAR


THAT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD DRY DOCK.
HOLDING THE YACHT OVERHEAD HE FLIES SHOREWARD WITH IT.

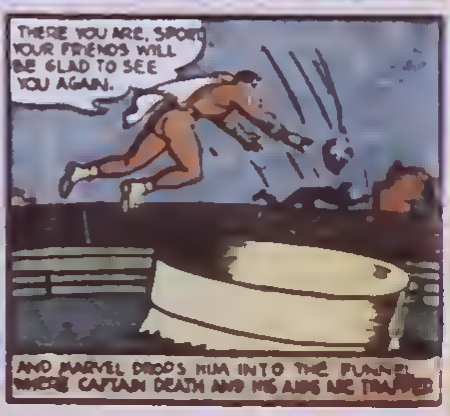
NOW TO LET MY FRIENDS INSIDE BREATHE A LITTLE FRESH AIR.
AN EMPTY FOOTBALL STADIUM OFFERS A CONVENIENT LANDING PLACE.

IT-IT'S HIM AGAIN!
YOU'RE FREE TO GO HOME NOW.
WELL, WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S A MIGHTY BRAVE MAN.

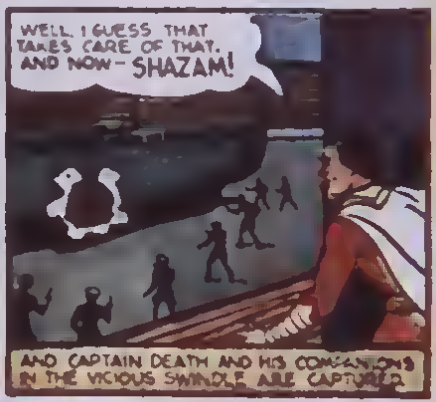
SORRY I CAN'T WAIT— BUT I'VE GOT ONE MORE JOB TO ATTEND TO.
AS SOON AS ALL THE PRISONERS IN THE HOLD ARE RELEASED, MARVEL ZOOMS UP INTO THE AIR.

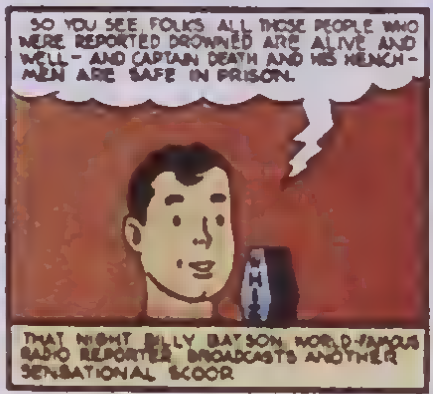
WAIT A MINUTE, CHUM.
IT'S A MIRAGE - IT'S NOT TRUE!
HE REACHES THE FAKE SPIRITUALIST'S OFFICE JUST AS PROF. SKULL TRIES TO ESCAPE.

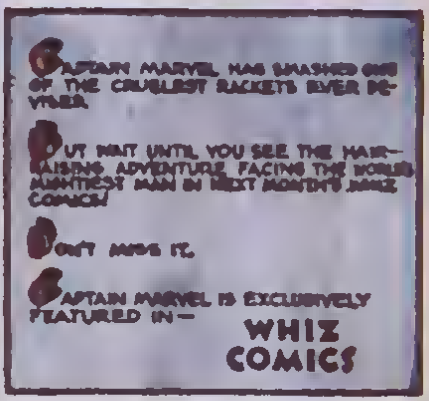
LET ME DOWN! LET ME DOWN!
DON'T GET IMPATIENT -I WILL.


THERE YOU ARE, SPORT! YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
AND MARVEL DROPS HIM INTO THE FUNNEL WHERE CAPTAIN DEATH AND HIS AIDS ARE TRAPPED!

THAT'S RIGHT—A STEAM YACHT IN THE FOOTBALL STADIUM AND THE CRIMINALS ARE IMPRISONED INSIDE THE FUNNEL.
A FEW MINUTES LATER HE PHONES THE POLICE


WELL, I GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT. AND NOW—SHAZAM!
AND CAPTAIN DEATH AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THE VICIOUS SWINDLE ARE CAPTURED


SO YOU SEE, FOLKS, ALL THOSE PEOPLE WHO WERE REPORTED DROWNED ARE ALIVE AND WELL—AND CAPTAIN DEATH AND HIS HENCHMEN ARE SAFE IN PRISON.
THAT NIGHT BILLY BAYSON, WORLD-FAMOUS RADIO REPORTER BROADCASTS ANOTHER SENSATIONAL SCOOP


CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS SMASHED ONE OF THE CRUELEST RACKETS EVER DEVISED.
BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE FACING THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF WHIZ COMICS!
DON'T MISS IT.
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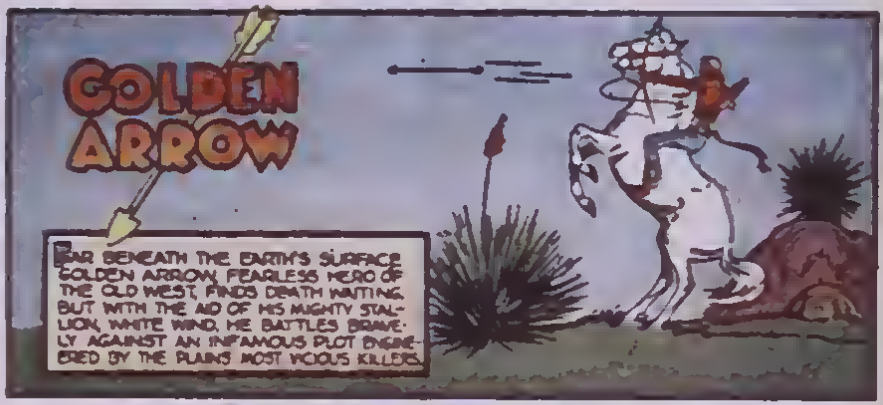
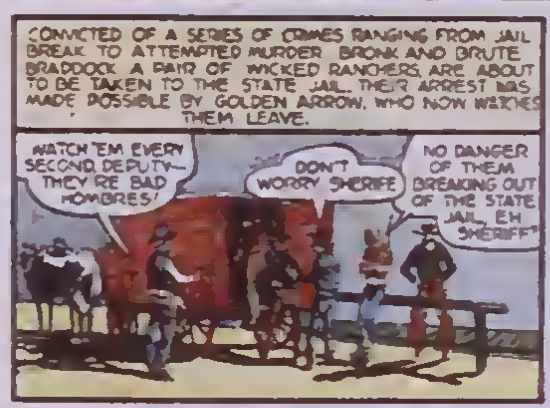
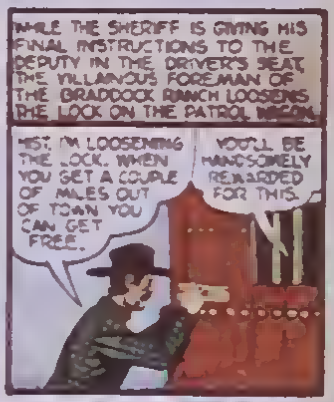
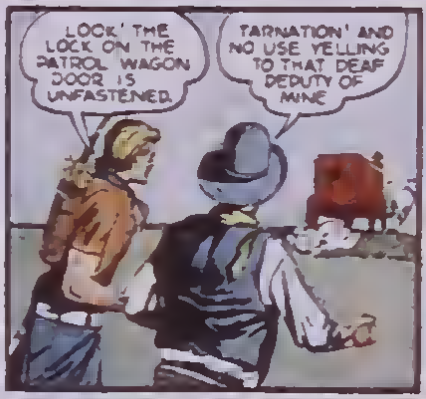

GOLDEN ARROW
FAR BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE GOLDEN ARROW, FEARLESS HERO OF THE OLD WEST, FINDS DEATH WAITING. BUT WITH THE AID OF HIS MIGHTY STALLION, WHITE WIND, HE BATTLES BRAVELY AGAINST AN INFAMOUS PLOT ENGINEERED BY THE PLAINS MOST VICIOUS KILLERS.

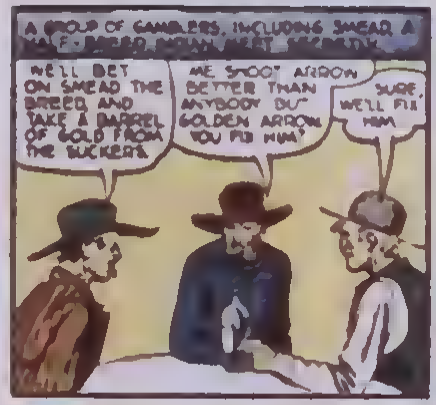

CONVICTED OF A SERIES OF CRIMES RANGING FROM JAIL BREAK TO ATTEMPTED MURDER BRONK AND BRUTE BRADDOCK A PAIR OF WICKED RANCHERS ARE ABOUT TO BE TAKEN TO THE STATE JAIL. THEIR ARREST WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY GOLDEN ARROW, WHO NOW WATCHES THEM LEAVE.
WATCH 'EM EVERY SECOND, DEPUTY— THEY'RE BAD HOMBRES!
DON'T WORRY SHERIFF
NO DANGER OF THEM BREAKING OUT OF THE STATE JAIL, EH SHERIFF?

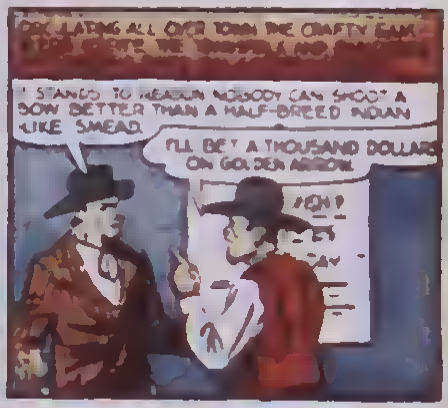

WHILE THE SHERIFF IS GIVING HIS FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE DEPUTY IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, THE VILLAINOUS FOREMAN OF THE BRADDOCK RANCH LOOSENS THE LOCK ON THE PATROL WAGON.
HIST. I'M LOOSENING THE LOCK. WHEN YOU GET A COUPLE OF MILES OUT OF TOWN YOU CAN GET FREE.
YOU'LL BE HANDSOMELY REWARDED FOR THIS.

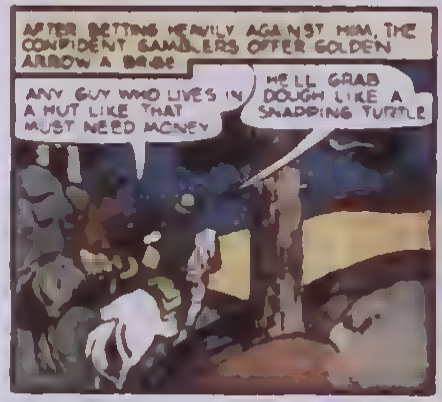

LOOK' THE LOCK ON THE PATROL WAGON DOOR IS UNFASTENED.
TARNATION' AND NO USE YELLING TO THAT DEAF DEPUTY OF MINE

SHERIFF, I THINK MAYBE I CAN FIX THAT LOCK.
SUFFERING TUMBLEWEEDS, MORN' EVEN TIMOTHY MARX, THE LOCKSMITH COULDN'T FIX IT AT THIS DISTANCE

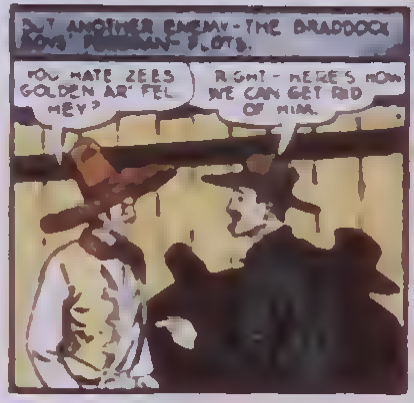
HEY—WHAT WAS THAT?
SOMETHING SHOT THROUGH THE DOOR—IT'S A GOLDEN ARROW. AND WE'RE PENNED IN—THE DOOR'S FASTENED TIGHT!
WELL, ONCE AGAIN I'VE GOT YOU TO THANK, GOLDEN ARROW. GUESS YOU'RE NOT SORRY TO SEE YOUR ENEMIES OUT OF THE WAY. HEY?
HATE TO SEE ANYBODY IN JAIL SHERIFF—GUESS BRONK AND BRUTE WERE SPOILED BY THEIR RICH FATHER
LOOK OUT! SHERIFF!
OW!
HONEST, I DIDN'T AIM TO KNOCK YOU DOWN SHERIFF. ON MY WORD OF HONOR IT WAS A PURE ACCIDENT I RECKON. I'M JEST AWKWARD PUTTIN UP SIGNS, I RECKON.
I OUGHT TO RUN YOU IN SCADLY BUTTERFUDDLE FOR ATTACKING THE LAW.
ARCHERY CONTEST—THAT LOOKS INTERESTING
HONEST, I DON'T MEAN NO HARM SHERIFF. HERE, LEAVE ME HELP YOU UP. I WAS JEST—GOSH—OH—NOW LOOK WHAT I'VE DID—KNOCKED OVER MY PASTE POT AND I'LL NEVER GET THE REST OF THE SIGN UP WHATLL I DO?
I STILL OUGHT TO RUN YOU IN, OR AT LEAST FINE YOU.
I'LL HELP YOU PUT UP YOUR POSTER MISTER BUTTERFUDDLE—I'M ANXIOUS TO READ IT ALL
SUFFERING TUMBLEWEEDS! AIN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN'T DO WITH A BOW AND ARROW?
YOU HAD OUGHT TO ENTER THIS HERE CONTEST THAT THE POSTER IS SUPPOSED TO TELL ABOUT MR. GOLDEN ARROW. IF I COULD READ I'D READ IT TO YOU
THANKS, BUT I CAN READ IT PLAIN ENOUGH MR. BUTTERFUDDLE. MAYBE I WILL GET INTO THAT CONTEST—JUST FOR FUN.
CITY

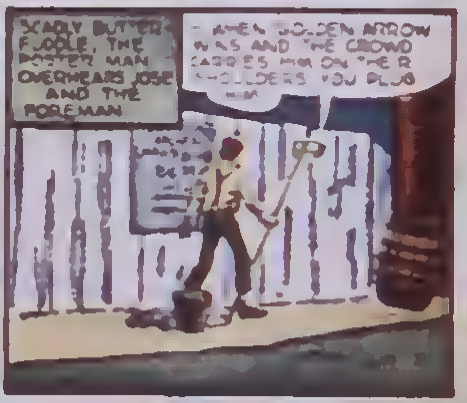

A GROUP OF GAMBLERS, INCLUDING SMEAD, A HALF-BREED INDIAN MEET, ONE DAY.
WE'LL BET ON SMEAD THE BREED, AND TAKE A BARREL OF GOLD FROM THE SUCKERS.
ME SHOOT ARROW BETTER THAN ANYBODY DU" GOLDEN ARROW YOU FIX HIM?
SURE, WE'LL FIX HIM.

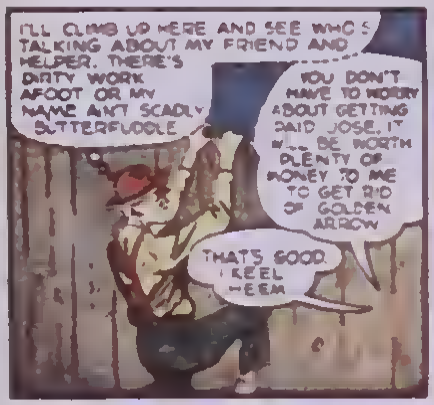

CIRCULATING ALL OVER TOWN THE CRAFTY GAM
I STAND TO REASON NOBODY CAN SHOOT A BOW BETTER THAN A HALF-BREED INDIAN LIKE SMEAD.
I'LL BET A THOUSAND DOLLARS ON GOLDEN ARROW.

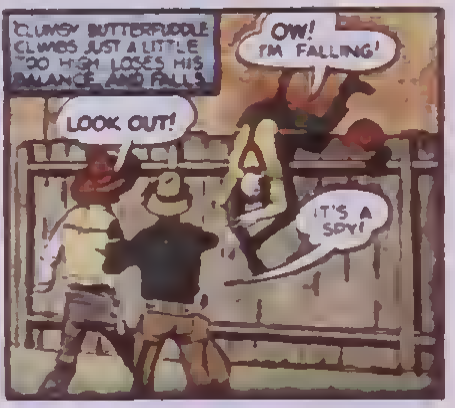

AFTER BETTING HEAVILY AGAINST HIM, THE CONFIDENT GAMBLERS OFFER GOLDEN ARROW A BRIBE
ANY GUY WHO LIVES IN A HUT LIKE THAT MUST NEED MONEY
HE'LL GRAB DOUGH LIKE A SNAPPING TURTLE

THE KIND OF RECEPTION GOLDEN ARROW GIVES BRIBERS SURPRISES THE GAMBLERS.
IF HE SHOOTS AN ARROW LIKE HE PUNCHES, WE'RE SUNK!
WE MUST HAVE SAID SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM MAD!

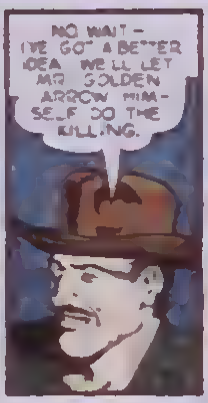

BUT ANOTHER ENEMY - THE BRADDOCK MINE FOREMAN - PLOTS.
YOU HATE ZEES GOLDEN AR' FEL HEY?
RIGHT - HERE'S HOW WE CAN GET RID OF HIM.

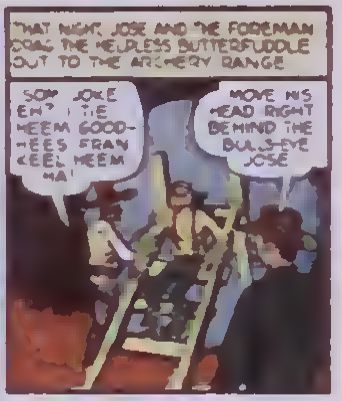

SCARY BUTTER F. JOOLE, THE POTTER MAN OVERHEARS JOSE AND THE FOREMAN
- AMEN GOLDEN ARROW WAS AND THE CROWD CARRIES HIM ON THEIR SHOULDERS YOU PLUG HIM

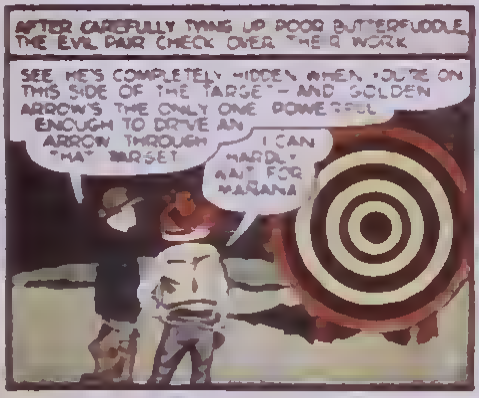

I'LL CLIMB UP HERE AND SEE WHO'S TALKING ABOUT MY FRIEND AND HELPER. THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT OR MY NAME AIN'T SCADLY BUTTERFUDDLE
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING PAID JOSE. IT WILL BE WORTH PLENTY OF MONEY TO ME TO GET RID OF GOLDEN ARROW
THAT'S GOOD. I KEEL HEEM

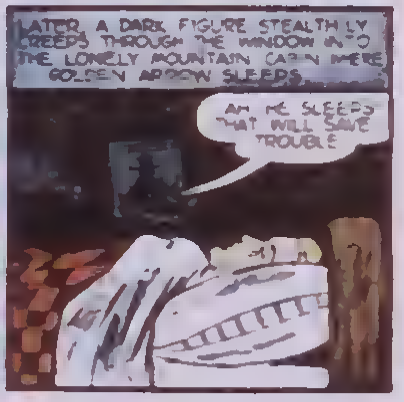

CLUMSY BUTTERFUDDLE CLIMBS JUST A LITTLE TOO HIGH LOSES HIS BALANCE AND FALLS
OW! I'M FALLING!
LOOK OUT!
IT'S A SPY!

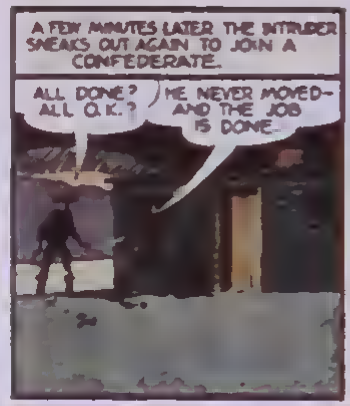
SO YOU LISTENED TO WHAT WE WERE SAYING, YOU DIRTY SNEAK!
YOU'RE PLANNING TO DO SOMETHING BEAN TO GOLDEN ARROW AND I'M WARNING YOU, YOU'D BETTER NOT
THE SHERIFF
I KEEL HEEM TOO WEEL SHOOT GOOD-BEES MOUT

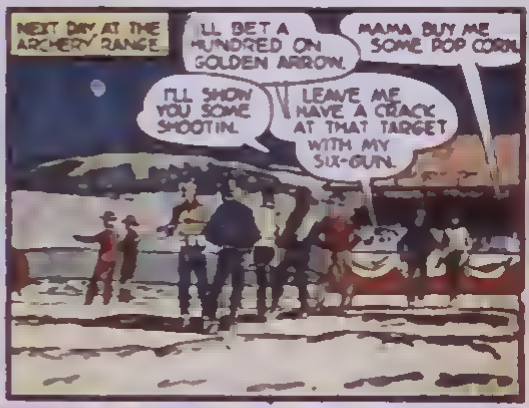

NO WAIT — I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA WE'LL LET MR. GOLDEN ARROW HIMSELF DO THE KILLING.

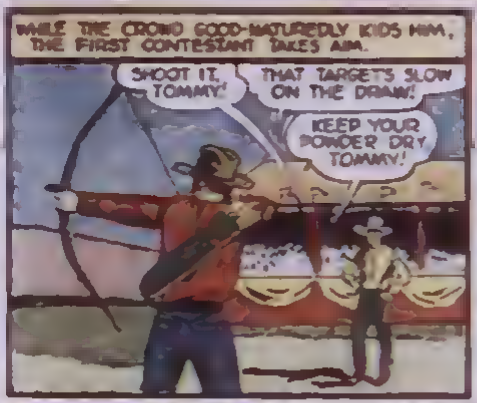

THAT NIGHT, JOSE AND THE FOREMAN DRAG THE HELPLESS BUTTERFUDDLE OUT TO THE ARCHERY RANGE
SOM JOKE EH? I KEEL HEEM GOOD-BEES FRAN KEEL HEEM HA!
MOVE HIS HEAD RIGHT BEHIND THE BULL'S-EYE JOSE


AFTER CAREFULLY TYING UP POOR BUTTERFUDDLE, THE EVIL PAIR CHECK OVER THEIR WORK
SEE, HE'S COMPLETELY HIDDEN WHEN YOU'RE ON THIS SIDE OF THE TARGET — AND GOLDEN ARROW'S THE ONLY ONE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DRIVE AN ARROW THROUGH THAT TARGET
I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR MAÑANA

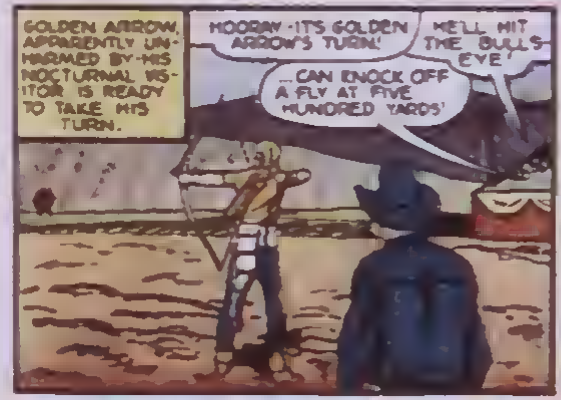

LATER, A DARK FIGURE STEALTHILY CREEPS THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE LONELY MOUNTAIN CABIN WHERE GOLDEN ARROW SLEEPS
AH, HE SLEEPS THAT WILL SAVE TROUBLE

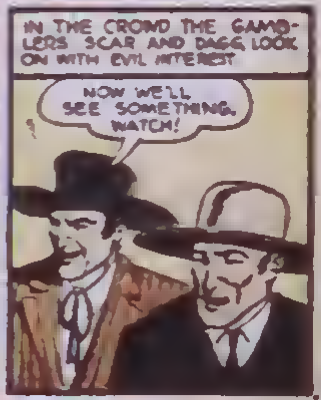

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE INTRUDER SNEAKS OUT AGAIN TO JOIN A CONFEDERATE.
ALL DONE? ALL O.K.?
HE NEVER MOVED— AND THE JOB IS DONE.

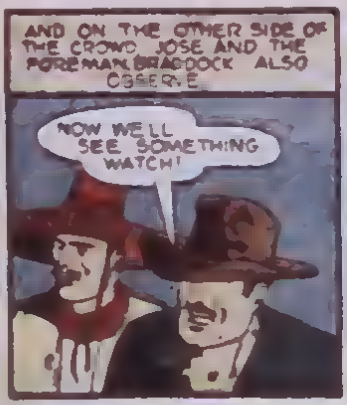

NEXT DAY AT THE ARCHERY RANGE
I'LL BET A HUNDRED ON GOLDEN ARROW.
MAMA BUY ME SOME POP CORN.
I'LL SHOW YOU SOME SHOOTIN.
LEAVE ME HAVE A CRACK AT THAT TARGET WITH MY SIX-GUN.

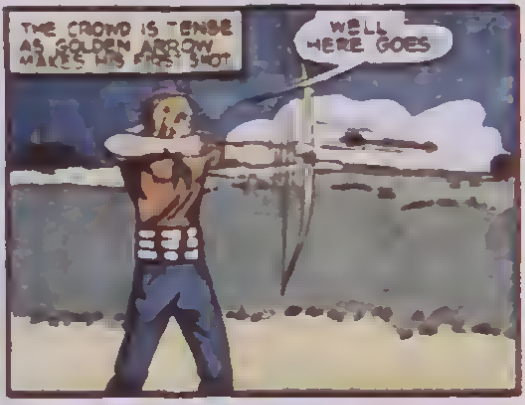

WHILE THE CROWD GOOD-NATUREDLY KIDS HIM, THE FIRST CONTESTANT TAKES AIM.
SHOOT IT, TOMMY!
THAT TARGET'S SLOW ON THE DRAW!
KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY TOMMY!

BEHIND THE TARGET BUTT... WHITE WITH FEAR, AWAITS HIS DOOM.
MFF! MFFF!

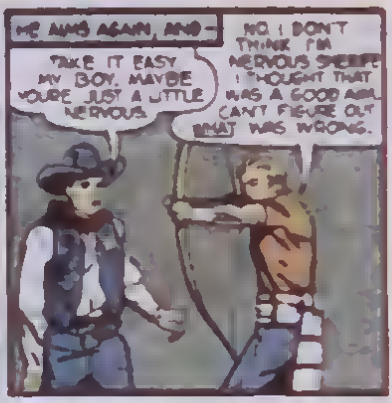

GOLDEN ARROW, APPARENTLY UNHARMED BY HIS NOCTURNAL VISITOR IS READY TO TAKE HIS TURN.
HOORAY - IT'S GOLDEN ARROW'S TURN!
HE'LL HIT THE BULL'S EYE!
...CAN KNOCK OFF A FLY AT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS!


IN THE CROWD THE GAMBLERS SCAR AND DAGG LOOK ON WITH EVIL INTEREST
NOW WE'LL SEE SOMETHING. WATCH!

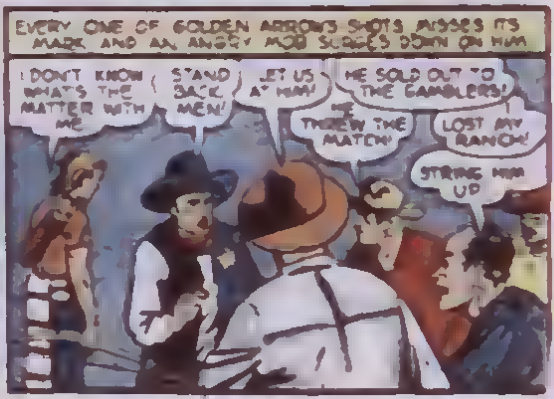

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CROWD JOSE AND THE FOREMAN, BRADDOCK ALSO OBSERVE
NOW WE'LL SEE SOMETHING WATCH!

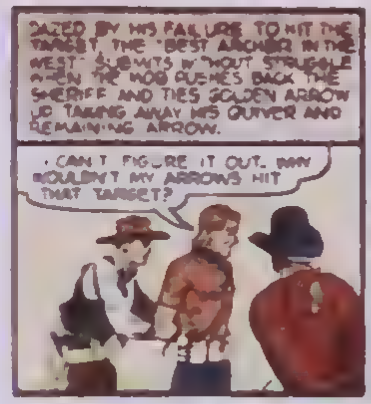

THE CROWD IS TENSE AS GOLDEN ARROW MAKES HIS FIRST SHOT
WELL HERE GOES

TO THE AMAZEMENT OF ALL, THE GREAT ARCHER'S FIRST ARROW MISSED THE TARGET COMPLETELY!
LOOK, HE MISSED!
HE MUST BE FOOLING!
HE DIDN'T EVEN HIT THE TARGET!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?


HE AIMS AGAIN, AND—
TAKE IT EASY MY BOY, MAYBE YOURE JUST A LITTLE NERVOUS
NO, I DON'T THINK I'M NERVOUS SHERIFF I THOUGHT THAT WAS A GOOD ARROW, CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS WRONG.

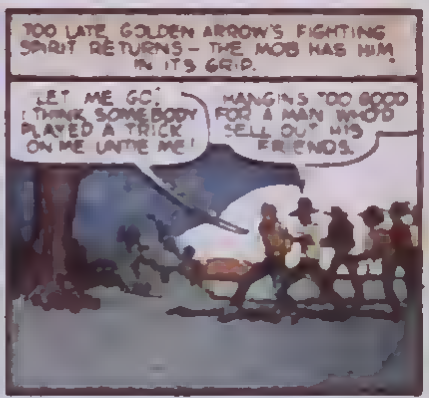
—ONCE MORE THE ARROW GOES WIDE OF ITS MARK

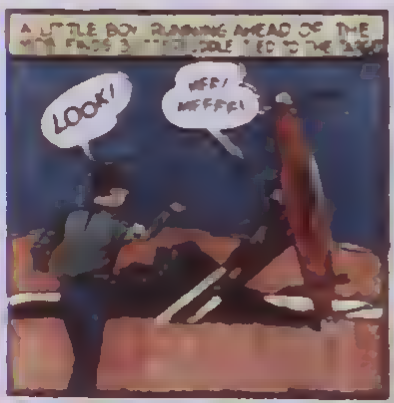

EVERY ONE OF GOLDEN ARROW'S SHOTS MISSES ITS MARK AND AN ANGRY MOB SURGES DOWN ON HIM
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME
STAND BACK MEN!
LET US AT HIM!
HE SOLD OUT TO THE GAMBLERS!
HE THREW THE MATCH!
LOST MY RANCH!
STRING HIM UP!

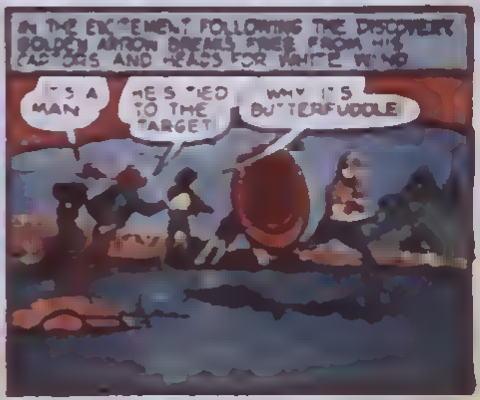

DAZED BY HIS FAILURE TO HIT THE TARGET THE "BEST ARCHER IN THE WEST" SUBMITS WITHOUT STRUGGLE WHEN THE MOB PUSHES BACK THE SHERIFF AND TIES GOLDEN ARROW UP TAKING AWAY HIS QUIVER AND REMAINING ARROW.
I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, MAN WOULDN'T MY ARROWS HIT THAT TARGET?

ONLY HIS HORSE WHITE WIND REMAINS FAITHFUL TO THE ONCE - POPULAR HERO.
LOOK OUT!
THAT'S HIS HORSE WHITE WIND
LET'S STRING HIM UP

BUT SMALLED LARRY SHROWDER BORN THIEF UP THE MOUNTAIN TOO!
HE GOT HIM!
HE'S DOWN!

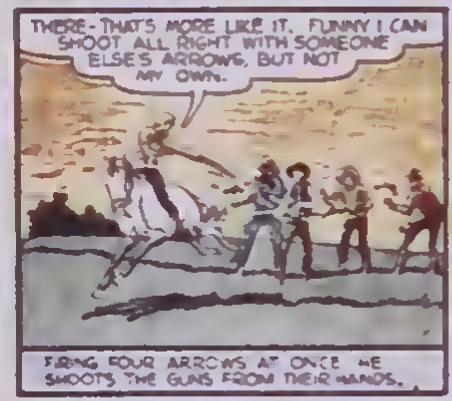

TOO LATE, GOLDEN ARROW'S FIGHTING SPIRIT RETURNS - THE MOB HAS HIM IN ITS GRIP.
LET ME GO! I THINK SOMEBODY PLAYED A TRICK ON ME UNTIE ME!
HANGING'S TOO GOOD FOR A MAN WHO'D SELL OUT HIS FRIENDS.

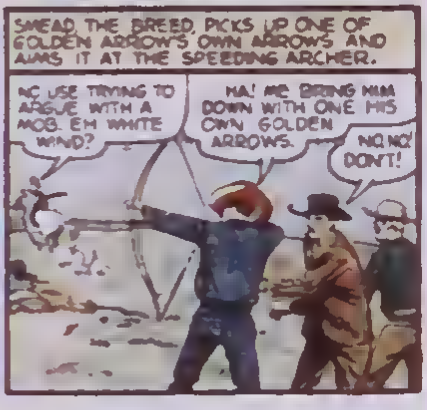

A LITTLE BOY RUNNING AHEAD OF THE MOB FINDS BUTTERFUDDLE TIED TO THE TARGET
LOOK!
HEY! MEFFE!


IN THE EXCITEMENT FOLLOWING THE DISCOVERY GOLDEN ARROW BREAKS FREE FROM HIS CAPTORS AND HEADS FOR WHITE WIND
IT'S A MAN
HE'S TIED TO THE TARGET
WHY IT'S BUTTERFUDDLE

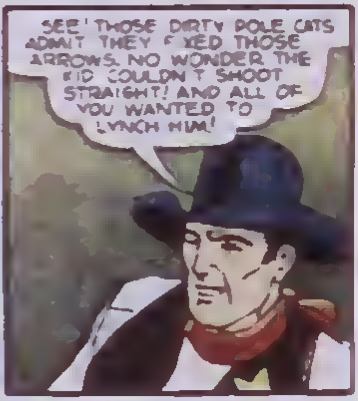
QUICKLY UNTYING HIS HORSE, GOLDEN ARROW MOUNTS, THEN PICKS UP A BOW AND ARROWS DROPPED BY ONE OF THE OTHER CONTESTANTS.
THESE AREN'T GOLDEN ARROWS BUT THEY MAY COME IN HANDY ANYWAY.

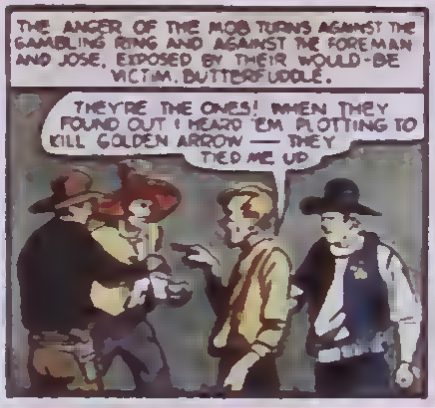
THE CROWD DISCOVERS HIS GETAWAY.
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
STOP!
WE'LL SHOOT TO KILL!

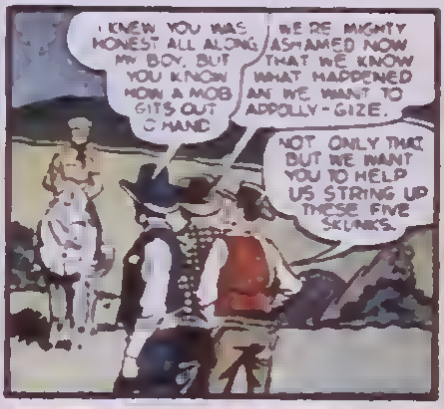

THERE - THAT'S MORE LIKE IT. FUNNY I CAN SHOOT ALL RIGHT WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S ARROWS, BUT NOT MY OWN.
FIRING FOUR ARROWS AT ONCE HE SHOOTS THE GUNS FROM THEIR HANDS.

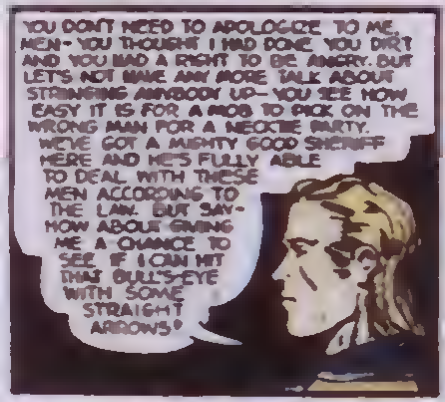

SWEAD, THE BREED, PICKS UP ONE OF GOLDEN ARROW'S OWN ARROWS AND AIMS IT AT THE SPEEDING ARCHER.
NO USE TRYING TO ARGUE WITH A MOB. EH WHITE WIND?
HA! HE BRING HIM DOWN WITH ONE HIS OWN GOLDEN ARROWS.
NO, NO! DON'T!

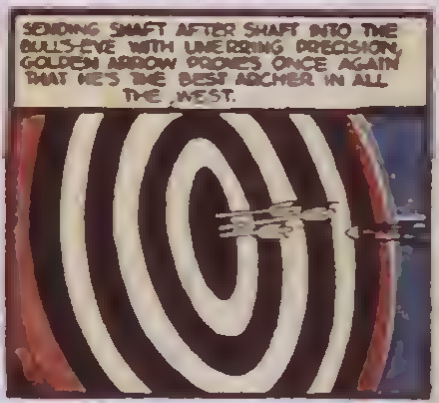
AGAIN A GOLDEN ARROW MISSES ITS MARK!
THAT FUNNY - ME MISS JUST LIKE HIM. NO! ME FORGET YOU BEND THESE ARROWS CROOKED SO THEY SHOOT CROOKED. GOOD JOKE ON ME!
SHUT UP FOOL!

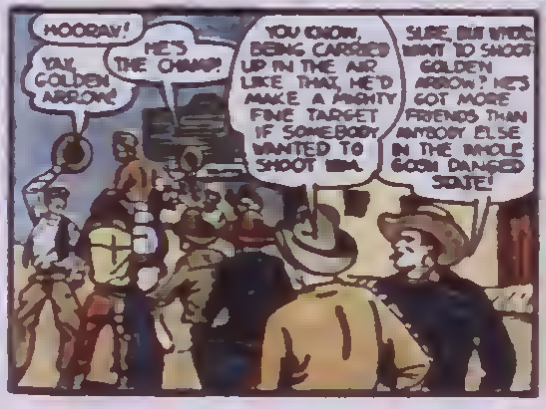

SEE! THOSE DIRTY POLE CATS ADMIT THEY FIXED THOSE ARROWS. NO WONDER THE KID COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT! AND ALL OF YOU WANTED TO LYNCH HIM!


THE ANGER OF THE MOB TURNS AGAINST THE GAMBLING RING AND AGAINST THE FOREMAN AND JOSE, EXPOSED BY THEIR WOULD-BE VICTIM, BUTTERFUDDLE.
THEY'RE THE ONES! WHEN THEY FOUND OUT I HEARD 'EM PLOTTING TO KILL GOLDEN ARROW — THEY TIED ME UP!


I KNEW YOU WAS HONEST ALL ALONG MY BOY, BUT YOU KNOW HOW A MOB GITS OUT O' HAND
WE'RE MIGHTY ASHAMED NOW THAT WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AN WE WANT TO APPOLLY-GIZE.
NOT ONLY THAT BUT WE WANT YOU TO HELP US STRING UP THESE FIVE SKUNKS.


YOU DON'T NEED TO APOLOGIZE TO ME, MEN - YOU THOUGHT I HAD DONE YOU DIRT AND YOU HAD A RIGHT TO BE ANGRY. BUT LET'S NOT HAVE ANY MORE TALK ABOUT STRINGING ANYBODY UP - YOU SEE HOW EASY IT IS FOR A MOB TO PICK ON THE WRONG MAN FOR A NECKTIE PARTY. WE'VE GOT A MIGHTY GOOD SHERIFF HERE AND HE'S FULLY ABLE TO DEAL WITH THESE MEN ACCORDING TO THE LAW. BUT SAY - HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A CHANCE TO SEE IF I CAN HIT THAT BULL'S-EYE WITH SOME STRAIGHT ARROWS?


SENDING SHAFT AFTER SHAFT INTO THE BULL'S-EYE WITH UNERRING PRECISION, GOLDEN ARROW PROVES ONCE AGAIN THAT HE'S THE BEST ARCHER IN ALL THE WEST.


HOORAY!
HE'S THE CHAMP!
YAY, GOLDEN ARROW!
YOU KNOW, BEING CARRIED UP IN THE AIR LIKE THAT, HE'D MAKE A MIGHTY FINE TARGET IF SOMEBODY WANTED TO SHOOT HIM.
SURE, BUT WHO'D WANT TO SHOOT GOLDEN ARROW? HE'S GOT MORE FRIENDS THAN ANYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE GOSH DANGED STATE!

AND SO HE HAS — THE PEOPLE WHO WANTED TO HANG HIM A MINUTE BEFORE ARE NOW HIS PALS!

BUT THAT'S LIFE IN THE OLD WEST, WHERE GOLDEN ARROW HAS MORE ADVENTURES IN NEXT MONTH'S

WHIZ COMICS

LANCE O'CASEY

FROM HIS HOME PORT OF MALDANA IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, LANCE O'CASEY, SWASHBUCKLING SAILOR OF FORTUNE AND MISTER HOGAN, HIS FIRST MATE, SAIL FORTH IN THEIR SCHOONER, THE *BRIAN BORU II*, IN QUEST OF HIGH ADVENTURE.

CH-CH-CH!

THAT'S FUNNY MISTER HOGAN— SIGNALS FOR HELP IN MORSE CODE. THAT MEANS THERE'S A WHITE MAN ON PELENONA ISLAND

WHILE CRUISING IN THE SOUTH SEAS LANCE AND MISTER HOGAN FIND A SURPRISE AWAITING THEM — AN SOS FOR AID!

A WHITE MAN AND WOMAN FIGHTING OFF NATIVES! THAT'S FUNNY—THESE NATIVES GENERALLY ARE FRIENDLY TO WHITE PEOPLE

KNOWING HOW SUPERSTITIOUS THE NATIVES ARE, LANCE BRINGS TO SHORE A WEAPON MORE EFFECTIVE THAN RIFLES - A BOX OF FIREWORKS

HUA! HUA E-ALA! KILL

RELOAD MY RIFLE MARNA— QUICK!

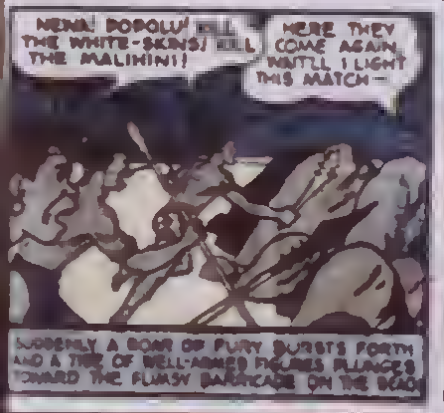
HERE IT IS BRUND

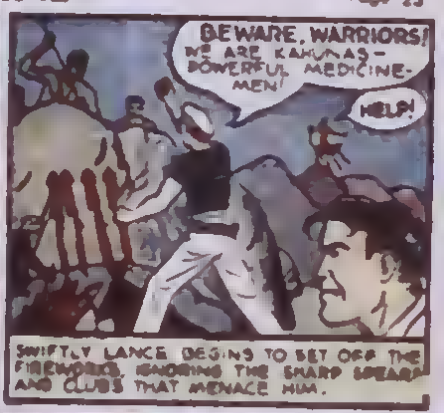
HELLO THERE!

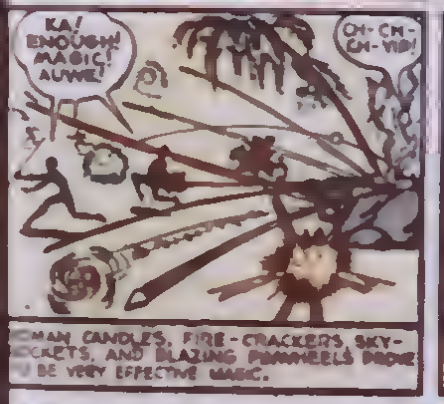
THEY FIND A WHITE MAN AND WOMAN FIGHTING OFF A YELLING BLOOD-THIRSTY BAND OF SAVAGES.

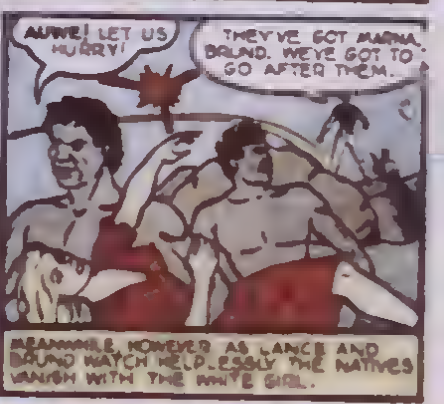
I'M MARNA DALE - AND THIS IS RAIDER BRUND WE WERE PASSENGERS ON HOVA MARU - A TRAMP OUT FROM SINGAPORE BOUND FOR FRISCO

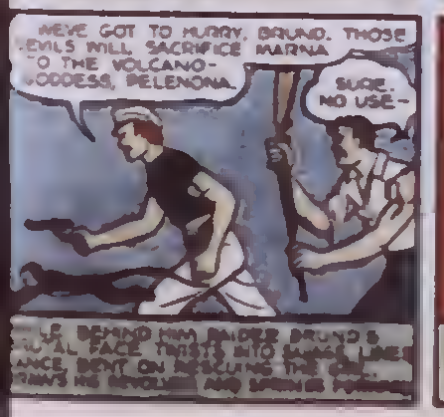
STARTLED BY LANCE'S APPEARANCE THE SAVAGES DRAW BACK, BUT STILL AT THE JUNGLE'S EDGE READY FOR ANOTHER ATTACK

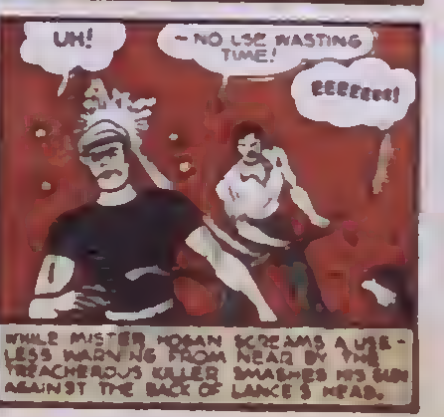

NENA! POPOLU! KILL THE WHITE-SKINS! KILL THE MALIHINI!
HERE THEY COME AGAIN. WAITLL I LIGHT THIS MATCH—
SUDDENLY A ROAR OF FURY BURSTS FORTH AND A TIDE OF WELL-ARMED FIGURES RUSHES TOWARD THE FLIMSY BARRICADE ON THE BEACH

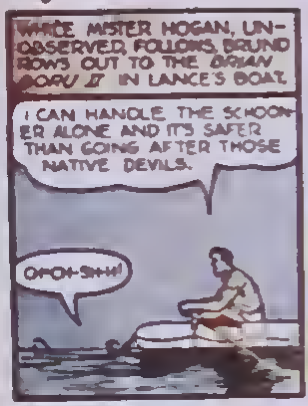

BEWARE, WARRIORS! WE ARE KAHUNAS—POWERFUL MEDICINE-MEN!
HELP!
SWIFTLY LANCE BEGINS TO SET OFF THE FIREWORKS, IGNORING THE SHARP SPEARS AND CLUBS THAT MENACE HIM.

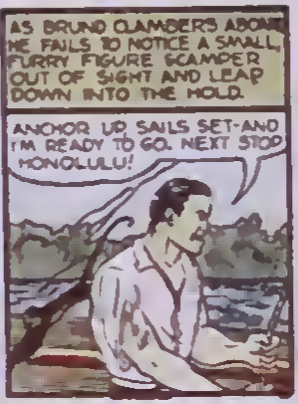

KA! ENOUGH! MAGIC! AUWE!
OH-OH-UH-VIH!
ROMAN CANDLES, FIRE-CRACKERS, SKY-ROCKETS, AND BLAZING PINWHEELS PROVE TO BE VERY EFFECTIVE MAGIC.

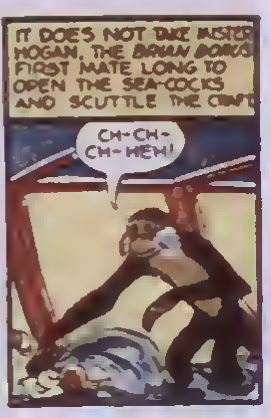

AUWE! LET US HURRY!
THEY'VE GOT MARNA, BRUND. WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THEM.
MEANWHILE, HOWEVER AS LANCE AND BRUND WATCH HELPLESSLY THE NATIVES VANISH WITH THE WHITE GIRL.

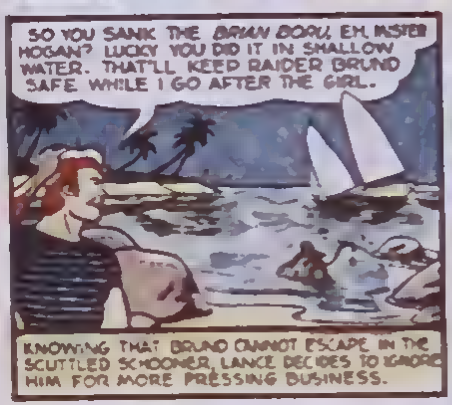

WE'VE GOT TO HURRY, BRUND. THOSE DEVILS WILL SACRIFICE MARNA TO THE VOLCANO-GODDESS, PELENONA.
SURE. NO USE—
UNSEEN BEHIND HIM RAIDER BRUND'S BRUTAL FACE TWISTS INTO DEMON LIKE RAGE AS HE SENT ON RESCUING THE GIRL. HE DRAWS HIS REVOLVER AND SPRINGS FORWARD

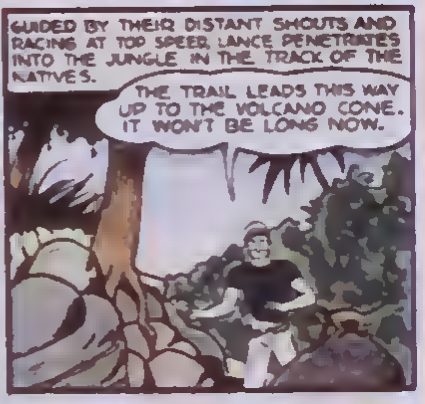

UH!
—NO USE WASTING TIME!
EEEEeee!
WHILE MISTER MORAN SCREAMS A USELESS WARNING FROM NEAR BY THE TREACHEROUS KILLER SMASHES HIS GUN AGAINST THE BACK OF LANCE'S HEAD.

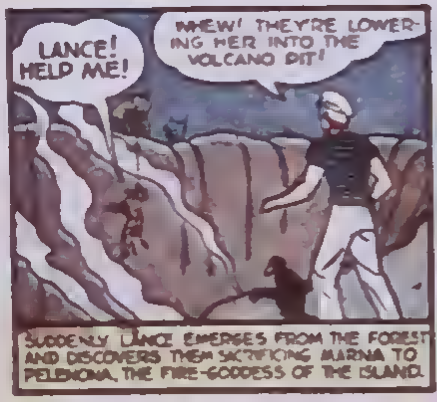

WHILE MISTER HOGAN, UNOBSERVED, FOLLOWS, BRUND ROWS OUT TO THE BRIAN BORU II IN LANCE'S BOAT.
I CAN HANDLE THE SCHOONER ALONE AND IT'S SAFER THAN GOING AFTER THOSE NATIVE DEVILS.
OH-OH-SHH!

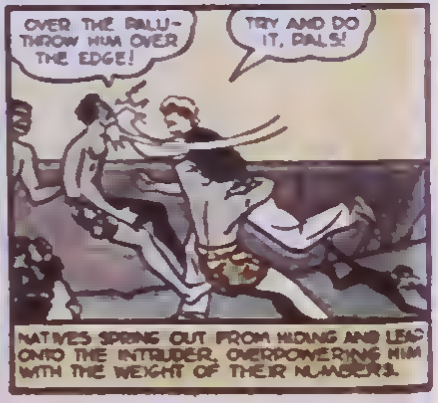

AS BRUND CLAMBERS ABOARD HE FAILS TO NOTICE A SMALL, FURRY FIGURE SCAMPER OUT OF SIGHT AND LEAP DOWN INTO THE HOLD.
ANCHOR UP, SAILS SET-AND I'M READY TO GO. NEXT STOP HONOLULU!

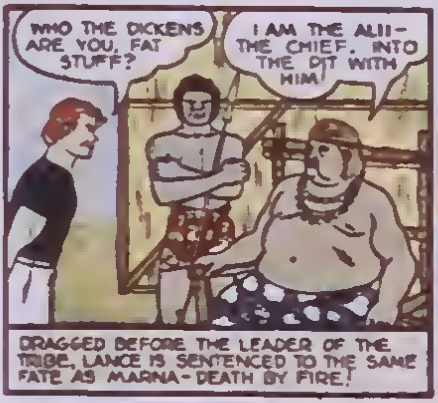

IT DOES NOT TAKE MISTER HOGAN, THE BRIAN BORU'S FIRST MATE LONG TO OPEN THE SEA-COCKS AND SCUTTLE THE CRAFT.
CH-CH-CH-HEH!

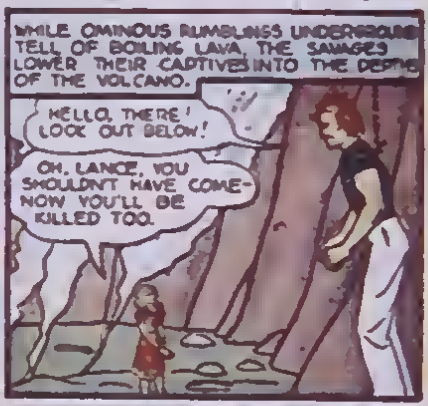

SO YOU SANK THE BRIAN BORU, EH, MISTER HOGAN? LUCKY YOU DID IT IN SHALLOW WATER. THAT'LL KEEP RAIDER BRUND SAFE WHILE I GO AFTER THE GIRL.
KNOWING THAT BRUND CANNOT ESCAPE IN THE SCUTTLED SCHOONER, LANCE DECIDES TO IGNORE HIM FOR MORE PRESSING BUSINESS.

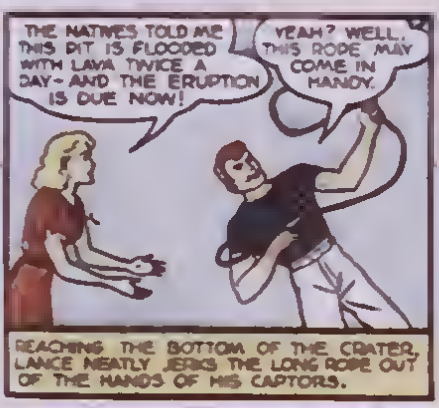

GUIDED BY THEIR DISTANT SHOUTS AND RACING AT TOP SPEED, LANCE PENETRATES INTO THE JUNGLE IN THE TRACK OF THE NATIVES.
THE TRAIL LEADS THIS WAY UP TO THE VOLCANO CONE. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW.

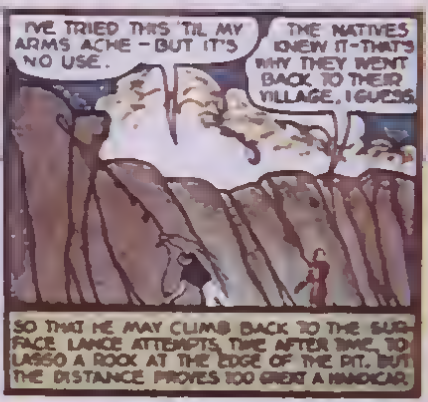

LANCE! HELP ME!
WHEW! THEY'RE LOWERING HER INTO THE VOLCANO PIT!
SUDDENLY LANCE EMERGES FROM THE FOREST AND DISCOVERS THEM SACRIFICING MARNA TO PELEHONA, THE FIRE-GODDESS OF THE ISLAND.

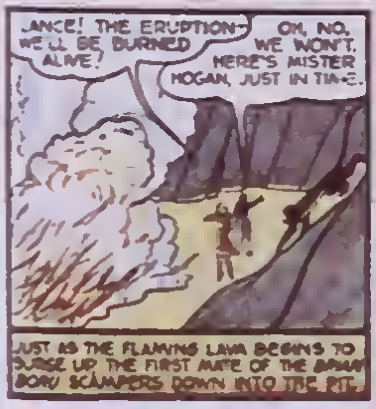

OVER THE PALU-THROW HIM OVER THE EDGE!
TRY AND DO IT, PALS!
NATIVES SPRING OUT FROM HIDING AND LEAP ONTO THE INTRUDER, OVERPOWERING HIM WITH THE WEIGHT OF THEIR NUMBERS.

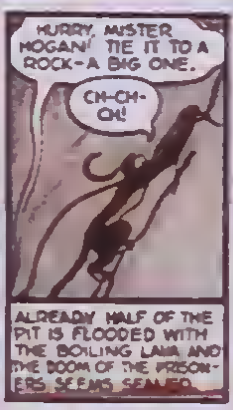

WHO THE DICKENS ARE YOU, FAT STUFF?
I AM THE ALII- THE CHIEF. INTO THE PIT WITH HIM!
DRAGGED BEFORE THE LEADER OF THE TRIBE, LANCE IS SENTENCED TO THE SAME FATE AS MARNA - DEATH BY FIRE!

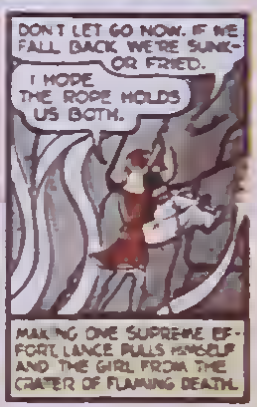

WHILE OMINOUS RUMBLINGS UNDERSCORE TELL OF BOILING LAVA, THE SAVAGES LOWER THEIR CAPTIVES INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE VOLCANO.
HELLO, THERE! LOOK OUT BELOW!
OH, LANCE, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME- NOW YOU'LL BE KILLED TOO.

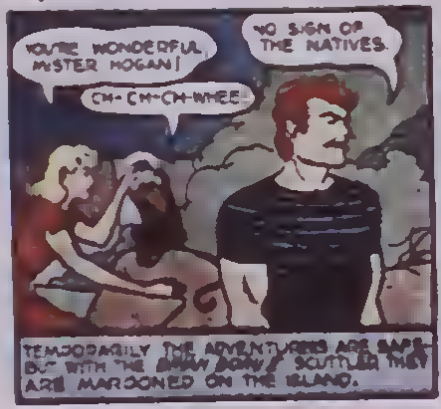

THE NATIVES TOLD ME THIS PIT IS FLOODED WITH LAVA TWICE A DAY - AND THE ERUPTION IS DUE NOW!
YEAH? WELL, THIS ROPE MAY COME IN HANDY.
REACHING THE BOTTOM OF THE CRATER, LANCE NEATLY JERKS THE LONG ROPE OUT OF THE HANDS OF HIS CAPTORS.


I'VE TRIED THIS 'TIL MY ARMS ACHE - BUT IT'S NO USE.
THE NATIVES KNEW IT - THAT'S WHY THEY WENT BACK TO THEIR VILLAGE, I GUESS.
SO THAT HE MAY CLIMB BACK TO THE SURFACE, LANCE ATTEMPTS, TIME AFTER TIME, TO LASSO A ROCK AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT. BUT THE DISTANCE PROVES TOO GREAT A HANDICAP.

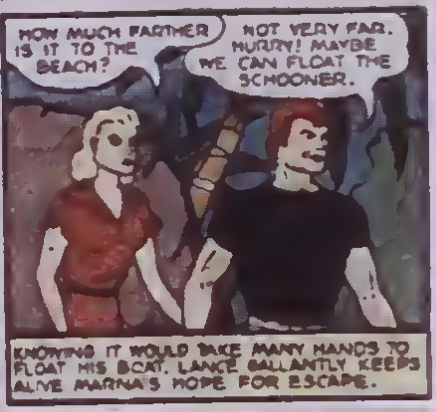

LANCE! THE ERUPTION- WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!
OH, NO, WE WON'T. HERE'S MISTER HOGAN, JUST IN TIME.
JUST AS THE FLAMING LAVA BEGINS TO SURGE UP THE FIRST MATE OF THE BARAY BORU SCAMPERS DOWN INTO THE PIT.


HURRY, MISTER HOGAN! TIE IT TO A ROCK - A BIG ONE.
EH-EH-EH!
ALREADY HALF OF THE PIT IS FLOODED WITH THE BOILING LAVA AND THE DOOM OF THE PRISONERS SEEMS SEALED.

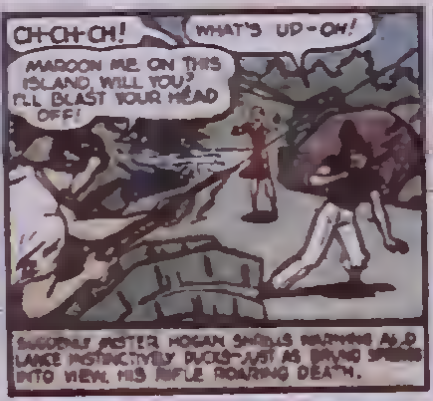

DON'T LET GO NOW. IF WE FALL BACK WE'RE SUNK- OR FRIED.
I HOPE THE ROPE HOLDS US BOTH.
MAKING ONE SUPREME EFFORT, LANCE PULLS HIMSELF AND THE GIRL FROM THE CRATER OF FLAMING DEATH.



TEMPORARILY THE ADVENTURERS ARE SAFE— BUT WITH THE BARAW BOAT SCUTTLED THEY ARE MAROONED ON THE ISLAND.

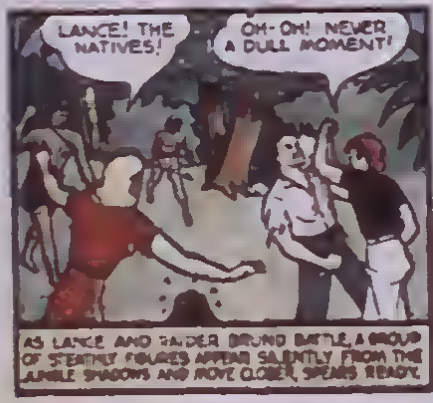


KNOWING IT WOULD TAKE MANY HANDS TO FLOAT HIS BOAT, LANCE GALLANTLY KEEPS ALIVE MARNA'S HOPE FOR ESCAPE.

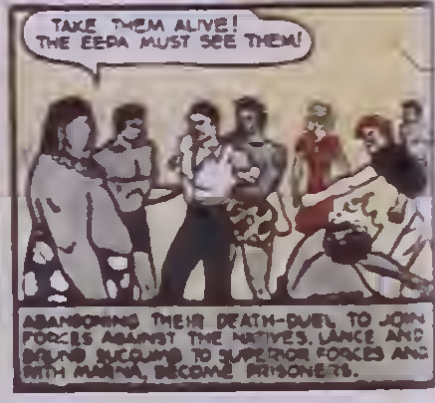


SUDDENLY MISTER HOGAN SHOUTS WARNING AS D LANCE INSTINCTIVELY DUCKS—JUST AS BRUNO SPRINGS INTO VIEW, HIS RIFLE ROARING DEATH.

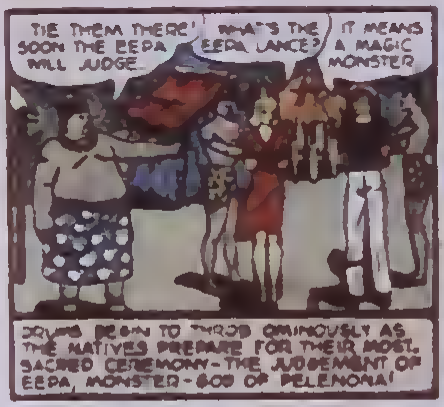
WHILE THE TERRIFIED GIRL WATCHES WIDE-EYED, LANCE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE KILLER.

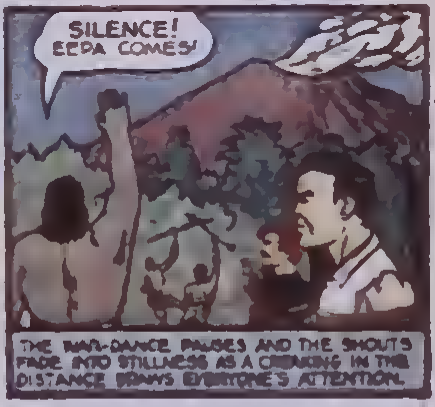


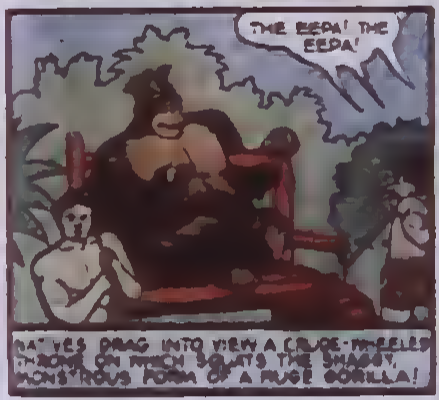
AS LANCE AND TRADER BRUNO BATTLE, A GROUP OF STEALTHY FIGURES APPEAR SILENTLY FROM THE JUNGLE SHADOWS AND MOVE CLOSER, SPEARS READY.

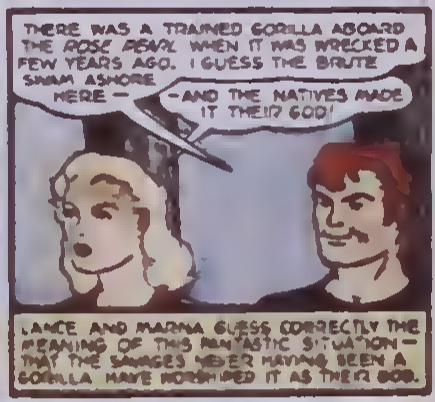


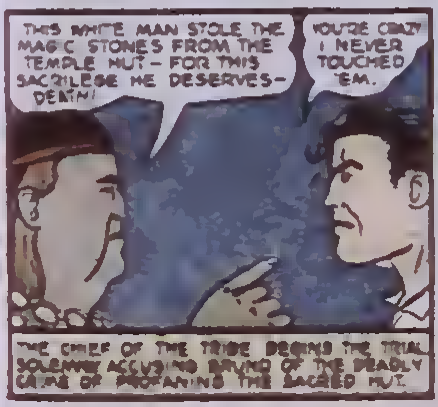
ABANDONING THEIR DEATH-DUEL TO JOIN FORCES AGAINST THE NATIVES, LANCE AND BRUNO SUCCUMB TO SUPERIOR FORCES AND WITH MARNA, BECOME PRISONERS.


TIE THEM THERE! SOON THE EEPA WILL JUDGE.
WHAT'S THE EEPA LANCE?
IT MEANS A MAGIC MONSTER
DRUMS BEGIN TO THROB OMINOUSLY AS THE NATIVES PREPARE FOR THEIR MOST SACRED CEREMONY - THE JUDGEMENT OF EEPA, MONSTER - GOD OF PELENONIA!

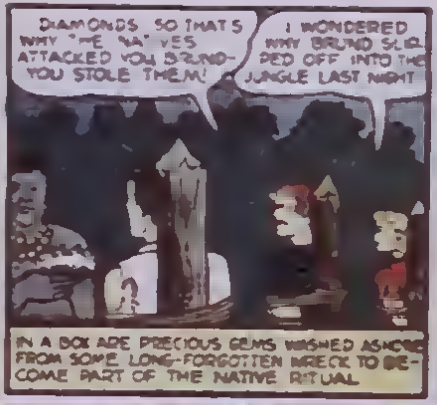

SILENCE! EEPA COMES!
THE WAR-DANCE PAUSES AND THE SHOUTS FADE INTO STILLNESS AS A CRASHING IN THE DISTANCE DRAWS EVERYONE'S ATTENTION.


THE EEPA! THE EEPA!
NATIVES DRAG INTO VIEW A CRUDE-WHEELED THRONE ON WHICH SQUATS THE SHAGGY, MONSTROUS FORM OF A HUGE GORILLA!

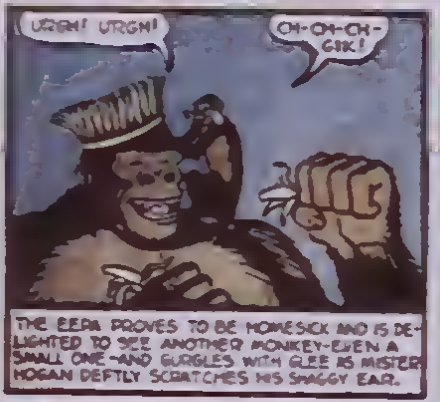

THERE WAS A TRAINED GORILLA ABOARD THE ROSE PEARL WHEN IT WAS WRECKED A FEW YEARS AGO. I GUESS THE BRUTE SWAM ASHORE HERE —
—AND THE NATIVES MADE IT THEIR GOD!
LANCE AND MARNA GUESS CORRECTLY THE MEANING OF THIS FANTASTIC SITUATION — THAT THE SAVAGES NEVER HAVING SEEN A GORILLA, HAVE WORSHIPED IT AS THEIR GOD.

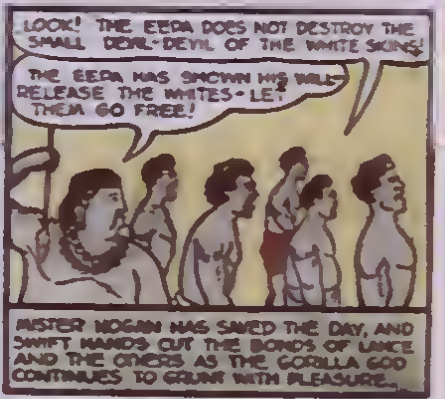

THIS WHITE MAN STOLE THE MAGIC STONES FROM THE TEMPLE HUT — FOR THIS SACRILEGE HE DESERVES — DEATH!
YOU'RE CRAZY I NEVER TOUCHED 'EM.
THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE BEGINS THE TRIAL SOLEMNLY ACCUSING BRUNO OF THE DEADLY CRIME OF PROFANING THE SACRED HUT.

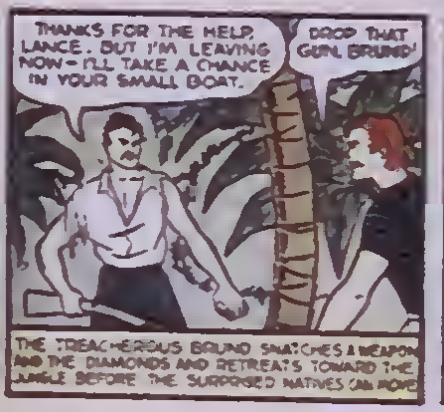
NO? THEN - WHAT IS THIS?
THE CHIEF RIPS OPEN BRUNO'S SHIRT AND PULLS FORTH A SMALL BOX WHICH THE ROGUE HAS STOLEN FROM THE TEMPLE.


DIAMONDS. SO THAT'S WHY THE NA'VES ATTACKED YOU BRUND- YOU STOLE THEM!
I WONDERED WHY BRUND SLIPPED OFF INTO THE JUNGLE LAST NIGHT
IN A BOX ARE PRECIOUS GEMS WASHED ASHORE FROM SOME LONG-FORGOTTEN WRECK TO BECOME PART OF THE NATIVE RITUAL

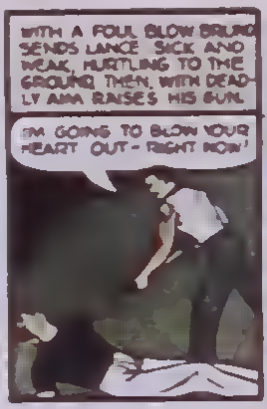
IT IS ENOUGH! KILL THE WHITES!
KA! STOP! LOOK AT THAT!
AS THE CHIEF SHOUTS A COMMAND A SUDDEN CRY OF ASTONISHMENT RISES FROM THE TRIBE, AND ALL EYES TURN TO THE THRONE OF THE EEPA.


URGH! URGH!
OH-OH-OH-OH!
THE EEPA PROVES TO BE HOMESICK AND IS DELIGHTED TO SEE ANOTHER MONKEY-EVEN A SMALL ONE-AND GURGLES WITH GLEE AS MISTER MOGAN DEFTLY SCRATCHES HIS SHAGGY EAR.

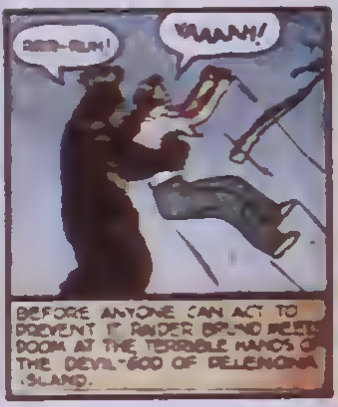

LOOK! THE EEPA DOES NOT DESTROY THE SMALL DEVIL-DEVIL OF THE WHITE SKINS!
THE EEPA HAS SHOWN HIS WILL- RELEASE THE WHITES- LET THEM GO FREE!
MISTER MOGAN HAS SAVED THE DAY, AND SWIFT HANDS CUT THE BONDS OF LANCE AND THE OTHERS AS THE GORILLA GOD CONTINUES TO GRUNT WITH PLEASURE.

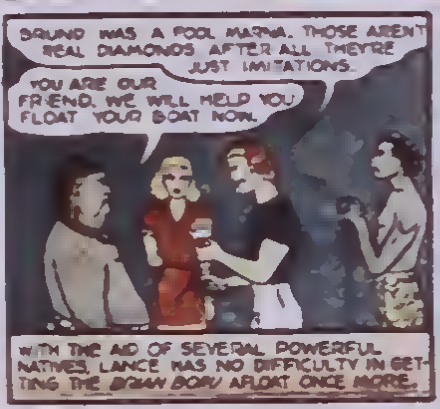

THANKS FOR THE HELP, LANCE. BUT I'M LEAVING NOW- I'LL TAKE A CHANCE IN YOUR SMALL BOAT.
DROP THAT GUN, BRUND!
THE TREACHEROUS BRUND SNATCHES A WEAPON AND THE DIAMONDS AND RETREATS TOWARD THE JUNGLE BEFORE THE SURPRISED NATIVES CAN MOVE

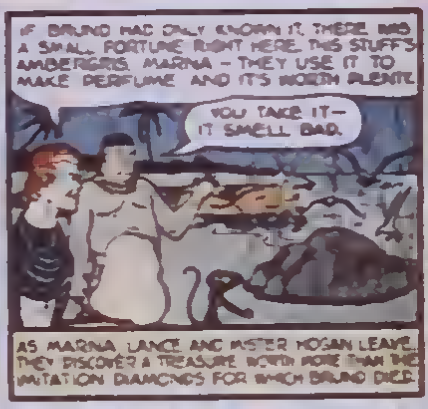
OW!
YOU WON'T LEARN, WILL YOU?
DIVING SWIFTLY, LANCE PLANTS A SLEDGE-HAMMER PUNCH WHERE IT WILL DO THE MOST GOOD

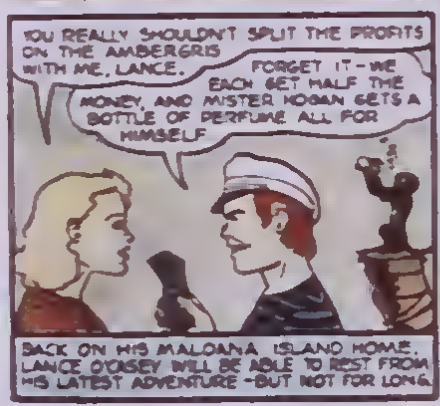

WITH A FOUL BLOW BRUNO SENDS LANCE SICK AND WEAK, HURTLING TO THE GROUND. THEN, WITH DEADLY AIM RAISES HIS GUN.
I'M GOING TO BLOW YOUR HEART OUT - RIGHT NOW!

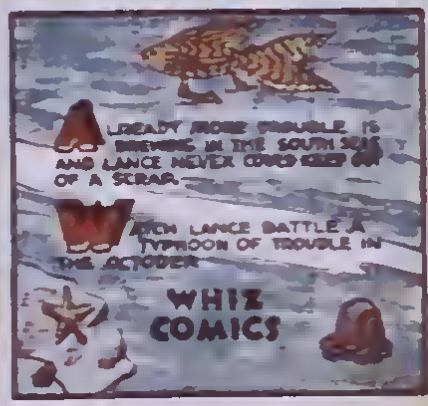
THOUGH THE NATIVES ARE PARALYZED WITH SURPRISE, MISTER HOGAN IS NOT.
OH-OH-OH-EEEEK!
URGH!


RUN-RUN!
YAAAH!
BEFORE ANYONE CAN ACT TO PREVENT IT, RAIDER BRUNO MEETS DOOM AT THE TERRIBLE HANDS OF THE DEVIL-GOD OF PELEMONIA ISLAND.


BRUNO WAS A FOOL MARINA. THOSE AREN'T REAL DIAMONDS AFTER ALL THEY'RE JUST IMITATIONS.
YOU ARE OUR FRIEND. WE WILL HELP YOU FLOAT YOUR BOAT NOW.
WITH THE AID OF SEVERAL POWERFUL NATIVES, LANCE HAS NO DIFFICULTY IN GETTING THE BRUNO BOAT AFLOAT ONCE MORE.


IF BRUNO HAD ONLY KNOWN IT, THERE WAS A SMALL FORTUNE RIGHT HERE. THIS STUFF'S AMBERGRIS, MARINA - THEY USE IT TO MAKE PERFUME AND IT'S WORTH PLENTY.
YOU TAKE IT - IT SMELL BAD.
AS MARINA, LANCE AND MISTER HOGAN LEAVE, THEY DISCOVER A TREASURE WORTH MORE THAN THE IMITATION DIAMONDS FOR WHICH BRUNO DIED.


YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T SPLIT THE PROFITS ON THE AMBERGRIS WITH ME, LANCE.
FORGET IT - WE EACH GET HALF THE MONEY, AND MISTER HOGAN GETS A BOTTLE OF PERFUME ALL FOR HIMSELF.
BACK ON HIS MALOANA ISLAND HOME, LANCE O'CASEY WILL BE ABLE TO REST FROM HIS LATEST ADVENTURE - BUT NOT FOR LONG.


ALREADY ANOTHER TROUBLE IS BREWING IN THE SOUTH SEAS AND LANCE NEVER COULD KEEP OUT OF A SCRAP.
THEN LANCE BATTLES A TYPHOON OF TROUBLE IN THE OCTOPUS
WHIZ COMICS

SEA DOGS

BY LANCE LEWMAN

MORE TALES OF THE SEA FOR YOU AND MORE SAILOR'S KNOTS, TOO! SAILORS ALL OVER THE WORLD USE THESE KNOTS! SO GET OUT SOME STRING OR THIN ROPE AND PRACTISE THEM! NEXT MONTH I AM GOING TO SHOW YOU SOME BRAID-KNOTS, AND THEY'RE SWELL!

KNOW YOUR FLAGS

ADMIRAL

STEVEDORE'S KNOT

FAMOUS PIRATES

SIR HENRY MORGAN—

ONE OF THE MOST RUTHLESS AND DARING PIRATES THAT EVER LIVED—TALKED HIMSELF OUT OF BEING HANGED, WAS KNIGHTED BY THE KING OF ENGLAND AND MADE GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA!

CLOVE HITCH

USED MAINLY FOR "LASHING"

The GYDA

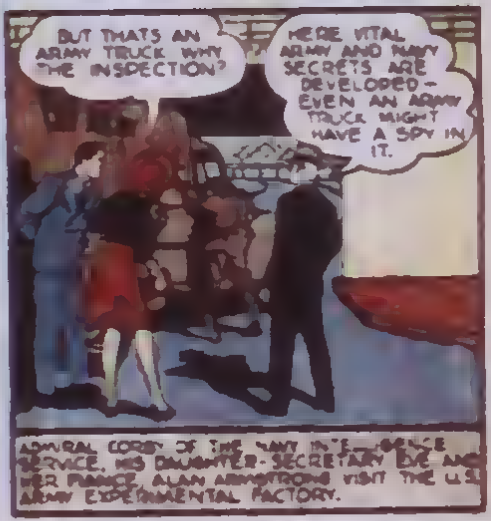
STRONGEST LITTLE SHIP EVER BUILT!

BUILT IN 1872 AND OF ONLY 70 TONS AND RIGGED AS A CUTTER CHARTED AMUNDSEN THROUGH THE TREACHEROUS NORTHWEST PASSAGE AND DEFIED MAELSTROMS AND BESTRIDDEN OF HISTORY WITH THREE YEARS SHE CRUSHED ICE TWICE MEN ABOUND ONCE AND TWICE WAS FROZEN IN THE ICE!

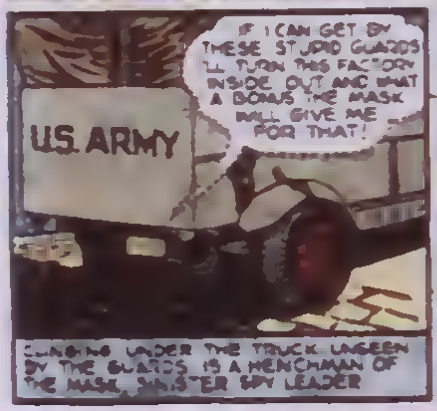
SEA LANGUAGE—

WAIST... MIDDLE PART OF A SHIP'S DECK
SKY PILOT... A CLERGYMAN
OLD MAN ...THE CAPTAIN
BINNACLE ..STAND AND CASE CONTAINING THE COMPASS

AS DANGEROUS FOREIGN AGENTS AND THEIR DEADLY PLOTS THREATEN THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF THESE UNITED STATES, A PHANTOM DEFENDER DEDICATES HIS LIFE TO PROTECTING THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT FROM SINISTER, INVISIBLE FORCES. TO SPY RINGS AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS ALIKE HE IS KNOWN ONLY AS — SPY SMASHER!

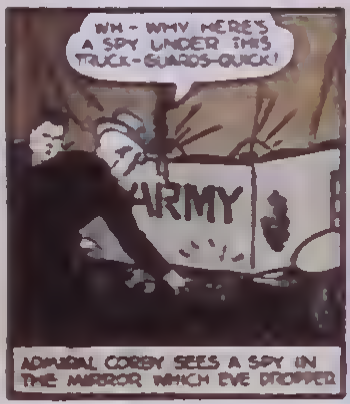

BUT THATS AN ARMY TRUCK WHY THE INSPECTION?
HERE, VITAL ARMY AND NAVY SECRETS ARE DEVELOPED — EVEN AN ARMY TRUCK MIGHT HAVE A SPY IN IT.

ADMIRAL CORBY OF THE NAVY IN SECRET SERVICE, HIS DAUGHTER-SECRETARY EVE AND HER FIANCE, ALAN ARMSTRONG VISIT THE U.S. ARMY EXPERIMENTAL FACTORY.

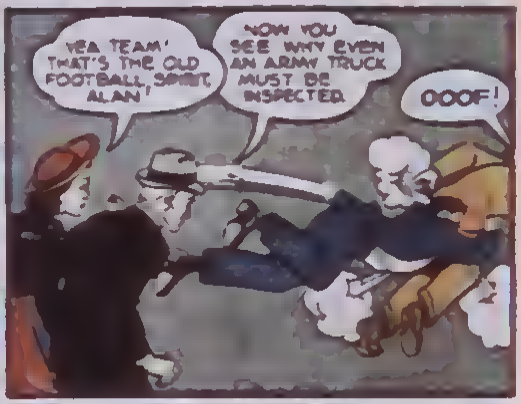


CLINGING UNDER THE TRUCK, UNSEEN BY THE GUARDS, IS A HENCHMAN OF THE MASK, SINISTER SPY LEADER

THIS IS ALL SO EXCITING, DAD GOBS! — I'VE DROPPED MY MIRROR — AND THAT'S BAD LUCK!
BAD LUCK FOR SOMEBODY BUT NOT FOR YOU, ADMIRAL CORBY. DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

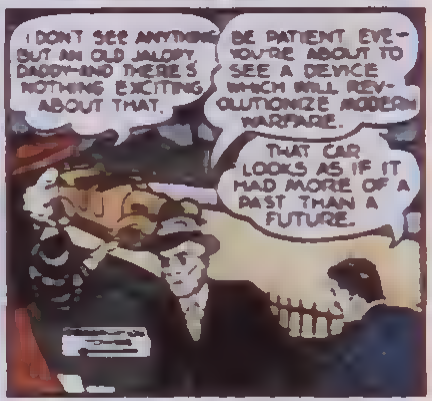


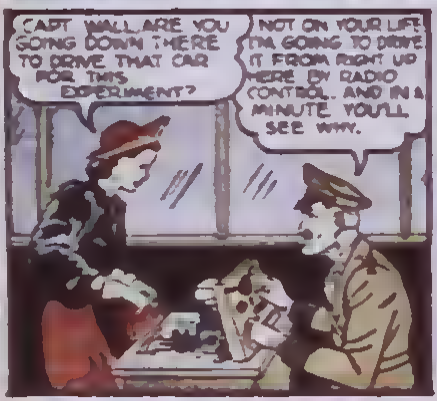
ADMIRAL CORBY SEES A SPY IN THE MIRROR WHICH EVE DROPPED

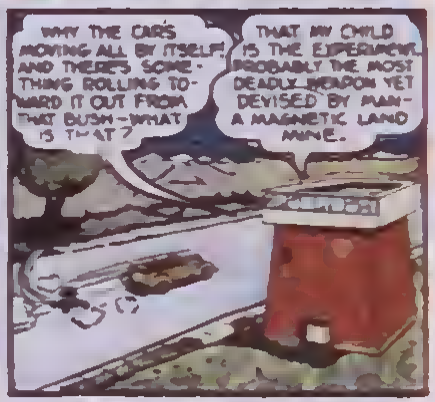


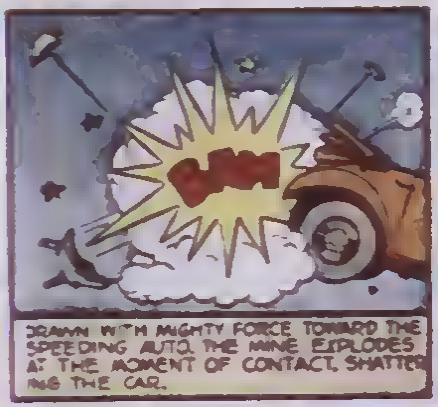
SELBY HERE WILL TAKE YOU TO THE OBSERVATION TOWER, ADMIRAL CORBY DON'T EXPECT HIM TO TALK TO YOU - HE'S A MUTE, POOR FELLOW
THANK YOU, GUARD.

LATER, AFTER GUARDS HAVE LED AWAY THE SPY FOR QUESTIONING.


I DON'T SEE ANYTHING BUT AN OLD JALOPY, DADDY - AND THERE'S NOTHING EXCITING ABOUT THAT.
BE PATIENT, EVE - YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE A DEVICE WHICH WILL REVOLUTIONIZE MODERN WARFARE.
THAT CAR LOOKS AS IF IT HAD MORE OF A PAST THAN A FUTURE.


CAPT. WALLACE, ARE YOU GOING DOWN THERE TO DRIVE THAT CAR FOR THIS EXPERIMENT?
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'M GOING TO DRIVE IT FROM RIGHT UP HERE BY RADIO CONTROL. AND IN A MINUTE, YOU'LL SEE WHY.

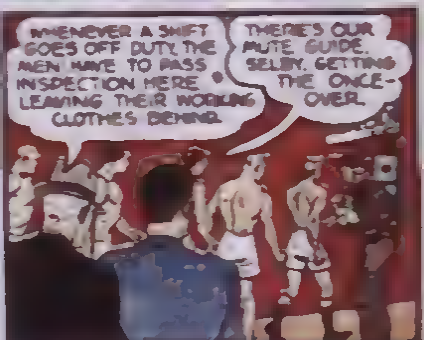

WHY THE CAR'S MOVING ALL BY ITSELF! AND THERE'S SOMETHING ROLLING TOWARD IT OUT FROM THAT BUSH - WHAT IS THAT?
THAT, MY CHILD, IS THE EXPERIMENT. PROBABLY THE MOST DEADLY WEAPON YET DEVISED BY MAN - A MAGNETIC LAND MINE.



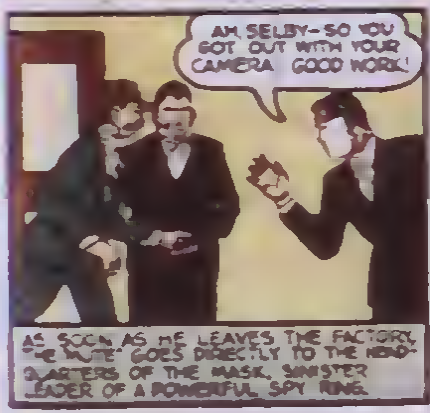
DRAWN WITH MIGHTY FORCE TOWARD THE SPEEDING AUTO, THE MINE EXPLODES AT THE MOMENT OF CONTACT, SHATTERING THE CAR.

THE THING WE FEAR MOST IS THAT SOMEONE MIGHT TAKE PICTURES IN HERE. IF THE SECRET WORKINGS OF THE MAGNETIZED LAND MINE SHOULD EVER FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS, IT MIGHT WELL MEAN THE RUIN OF OUR COUNTRY!

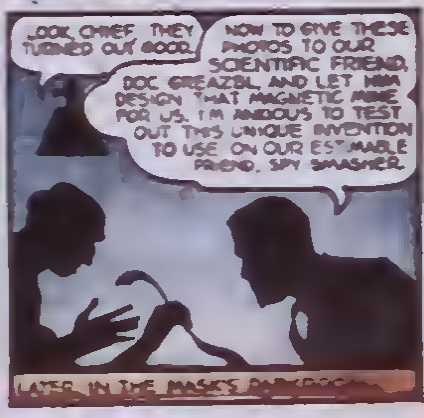
UNNOTICED BY THE OTHERS, SELBY "THE MUTE" SNAPS PHOTOGRAPHS WITH A TINY CAMERA CONCEALED IN HIS MOUTH!


WHENEVER A SHIFT GOES OFF DUTY, THE MEN HAVE TO PASS INSPECTION HERE LEAVING THEIR WORKING CLOTHES BEHIND.
THERE'S OUR MUTE GUIDE, SELBY, GETTING THE ONCE-OVER.

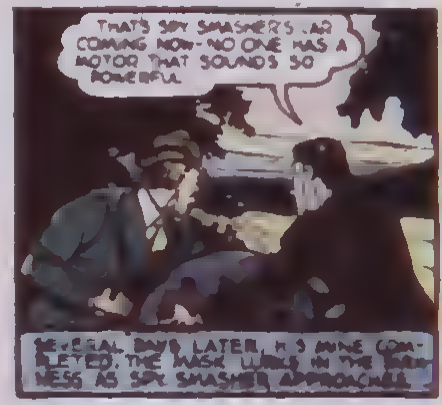
ADMIRAL CORBY AND ALAN WATCH THE INSPECTION LINE.

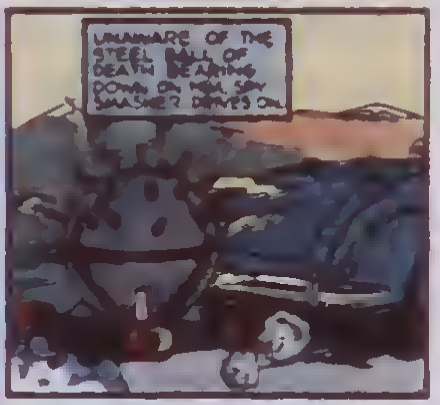


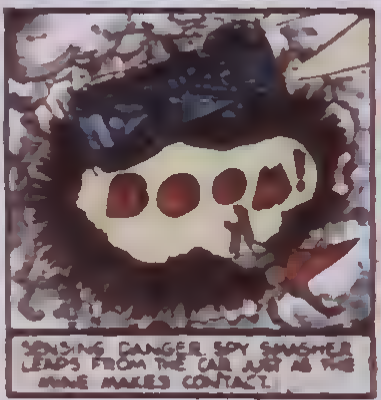
AS SOON AS HE LEAVES THE FACTORY, "MR. MUTE" GOES DIRECTLY TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE MASK, SINISTER LEADER OF A POWERFUL SPY RING.

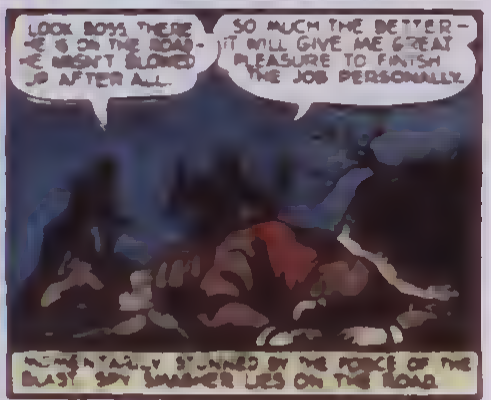

LOOK, CHIEF, THEY TURNED OUT GOOD.
NOW TO GIVE THESE PHOTOS TO OUR SCIENTIFIC FRIEND, DOC GREAZBIL, AND LET HIM DESIGN THAT MAGNETIC MINE FOR US. I'M ANXIOUS TO TEST OUT THIS UNIQUE INVENTION TO USE ON OUR ESTIMABLE FRIEND, SPY SMASHER.

LATER, IN THE MASK'S [illegible]

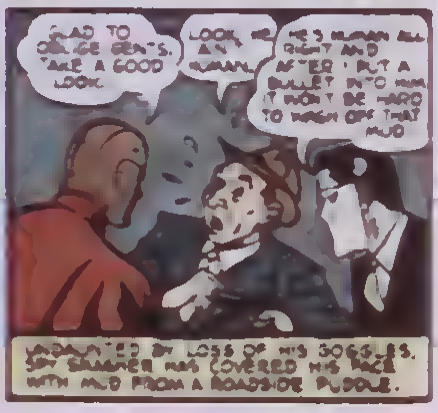

THAT'S SPY SMASHER'S CAR COMING NOW—NO ONE HAS A MOTOR THAT SOUNDS SO POWERFUL
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, HIS MASK COMPLETED, THE MASK LURKS IN THE DARKNESS AS SPY SMASHER APPROACHES.


UNAWARE OF THE STEEL BALL OF DEATH BEARING DOWN ON HIM, SPY SMASHER DRIVES ON.


SENSING DANGER, SPY SMASHER LEAPS FROM THE CAR JUST AS THE MINE MAKES CONTACT.


LOOK BOYS, THERE HE IS ON THE ROAD—HE MIGHT BE KNOCKED OUT AFTER ALL.
SO MUCH THE BETTER—IT WILL GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE TO FINISH THE JOB PERSONALLY.
MOMENTARILY STUNNED BY THE FORCE OF THE BLAST, SPY SMASHER LIES ON THE ROAD.

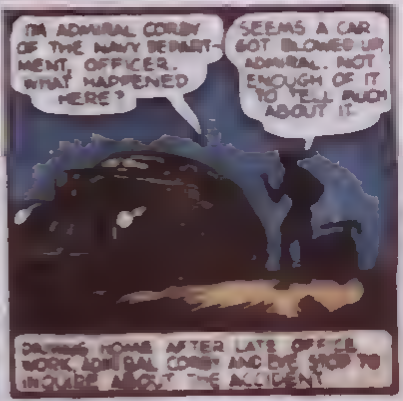
GET UP YOU SMASHED SPY SMASHER AND LET'S SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE BEFORE WE BUMP YOU OFF.
AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS.


GLAD TO SEE GERTS. MAKE A GOOD LOOK.
LOOK, HE'S AN HUMAN.
HE'S HUMAN ALL RIGHT AND AFTER I PUT A BULLET INTO HIM IT WON'T BE HARD TO WASH OFF THAT MUD.
HANDICAPPED BY LOSS OF HIS DISGUISE, SPY SMASHER HAS COVERED HIS FACE WITH MUD FROM A ROADSIDE PUDDLE.

HERE'S MUD in YOUR EYE BOYS
SELBY-SHOOT HIM QUICK- I CAN'T SEE
OW! NEITHER CAN I.
BLAM

TAKE THAT, YOU SCOUNDREL
I'LL GET HIM CHIEF- HEY - I HEAR A POLICE SIREN!

THAT LOOKS LIKE WRECKAGE IN THE ROAD AHEAD. "HE" MUST BE WHERE THE EXPLOSION CAME FROM.
YEH AND LOOK- GUYS RUNNING AWAY HEY THERE- HALT!
UNWILLING TO BE QUESTIONED BY POLICE, BECAUSE OF THE SECRET NATURE OF HIS GOVERNMENT WORK SPY SWINGER DISAPPEARS

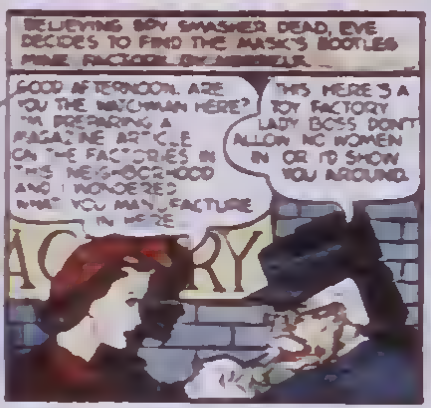

I'M ADMIRAL CORBY OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT, OFFICER. WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
SEEMS A CAR GOT BLOWED UP ADMIRAL. NOT ENOUGH OF IT TO YELL MUCH ABOUT IT.
DRIVING HOME AFTER LATE OFFICE WORK, ADMIRAL CORBY AND EVE STOP TO INQUIRE ABOUT THE ACCIDENT

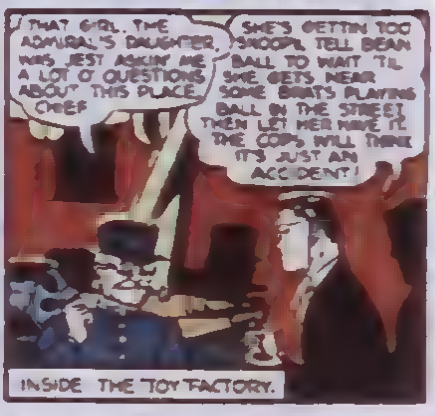
HIS MUSTVE BEEN A PIECE OF A FENDER. NOT MUCH LEFT
AND HERE'S A LITTLE PIECE OF SMOOTH METAL
PROBABLY A - SAY!
WHILE CORBY AND THE POLICEMEN EXAMINE THE WRECKAGE, EVE QUIETLY PICKS SOME-THING UP AT THE ROADSIDE.

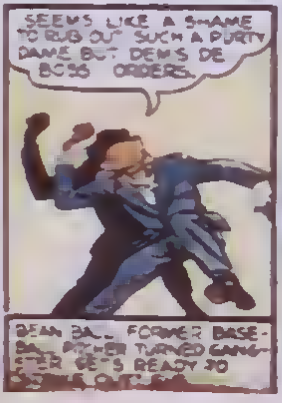
DAILY DIRT
TIME BOMB SLAYS GANGSTER
POLICE BELIEVE RIVALS MURDERED CRIME LEADER; IDENTITY OF KILLERS STILL A MYSTERY
NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS LINK THE EXPLOSION TO GANGSTER ACTIVITIES

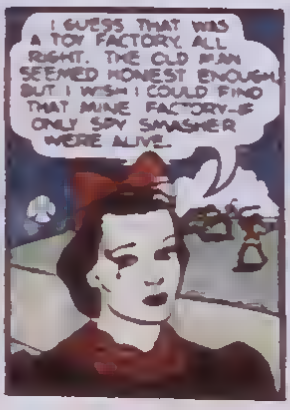
IF THE TRUE NATURE OF THE DEVICE WERE KNOWN, EVERYONE IN THE UNITED STATES WOULD BE TERRORIZED. I HAVE EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THAT ONE OF THE FRAGMENTS FOUND IN THAT WRECKAGE WAS THE REMAINS OF A MAGNETIZED I AND MINE.
THE NEXT MORNING, ADMIRAL CORBY REVEALS HIS DISCOVERY TO EVE.

LOOK-I FOUND THIS AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. I'M AFRAID SPY SMASHER WAS IN THAT CAR WHEN IT WAS B-B-BLOWN-TO-BITS!
EVE, HEARTBROKEN, RELATES HOW SHE FOUND SPY SMASHER'S GOGGLES.


BELIEVING SPY SMASHER DEAD, EVE DECIDES TO FIND THE MASK'S BOOTLEG MINE FACTORY BY HERSELF.
GOOD AFTERNOON. ARE YOU THE WATCHMAN HERE? I'M PREPARING A MAGAZINE ARTICLE ON THE FACTORIES IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD AND I WONDERED WHAT YOU MANUFACTURE IN HERE.
THIS HERE'S A TOY FACTORY. LADY BOSS DON'T ALLOW NO WOMEN IN OR I'D SHOW YOU AROUND.

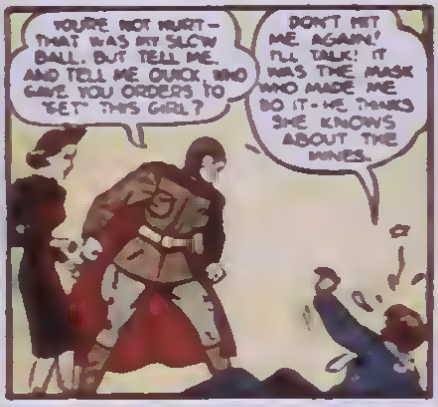

THAT GIRL, THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER, WAS JEST ASKIN' ME A LOT O' QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS PLACE, CHIEF
SHE'S GETTIN' TOO SNOOPY. TELL BEAN 'BALL TO WAIT 'TIL SHE GETS NEAR SOME BRATS PLAYING BALL IN THE STREET. THEN LET HER HAVE IT. THE COPS WILL THINK IT'S JUST AN ACCIDENT!
INSIDE THE TOY FACTORY.

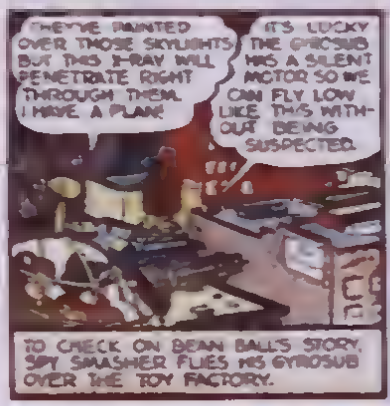

SEEMS LIKE A SHAME TO RUB OUT SUCH A PURTY DAME BUT DEM'S DE BOSS ORDERS.
BEAN BALL, FORMER BASE-BALL PITCHER TURNED GANG-STER, GETS READY TO

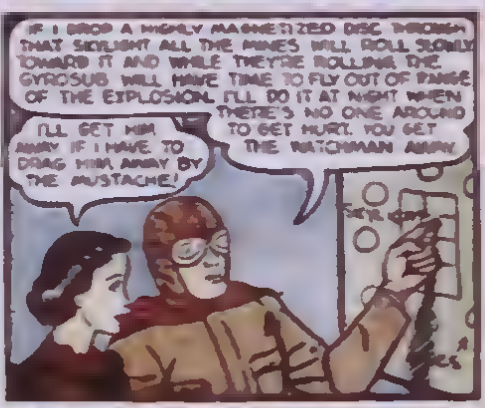

I GUESS THAT WAS A TOY FACTORY, ALL RIGHT. THE OLD MAN SEEMED HONEST ENOUGH, BUT I WISH I COULD FIND THAT MINE FACTORY-IF ONLY SPY SMASHER WERE ALIVE.

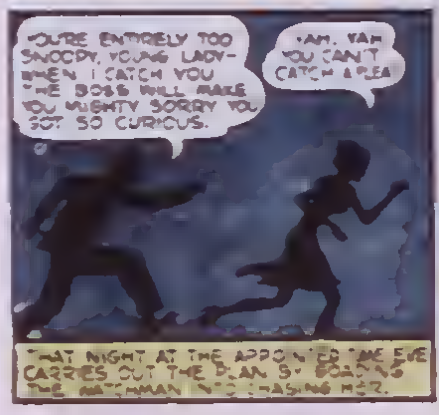
HE IS ALIVE! AND SO ARE YOU, THANKS TO MY BEING LUCKY ENOUGH NOT TO MUFF THE BALL THIS TIME.
SPY SMASHER!
??!!

IF THE MAN WANTS TO PLAY CATCH I SAY LET'S OBLIGE HIM!

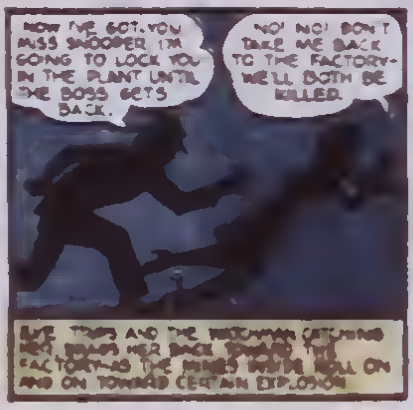

YOU'RE NOT HURT - THAT WAS MY SLOW BALL. BUT TELL ME. AND TELL ME QUICK. WHO GAVE YOU ORDERS TO "GET" THIS GIRL?
DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! I'LL TALK! IT WAS THE MASK WHO MADE ME DO IT - HE THINKS SHE KNOWS ABOUT THE MINES.

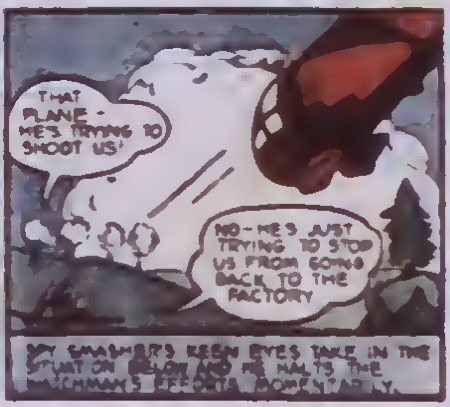

THEY'VE PAINTED OVER THOSE SKYLIGHTS BUT THIS X-RAY WILL PENETRATE RIGHT THROUGH THEM. I HAVE A PLAN!
IT'S LUCKY THE GYROSUB HAS A SILENT MOTOR SO WE CAN FLY LOW LIKE THIS WITHOUT BEING SUSPECTED.
TO CHECK ON BEAN BALL'S STORY, SPY SMASHER FLIES HIS GYROSUB OVER THE TOY FACTORY.

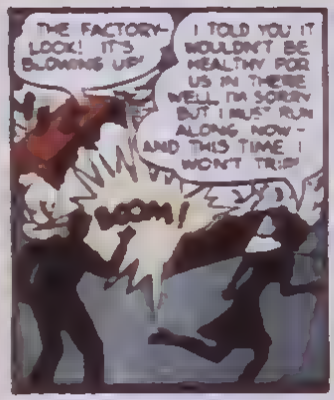

IF I DROP A HIGHLY MAGNETIZED DISC THROUGH THAT SKYLIGHT ALL THE MINES WILL ROLL SLOWLY TOWARD IT AND WHILE THEY'RE ROLLING THE GYROSUB WILL HAVE TIME TO FLY OUT OF RANGE OF THE EXPLOSION. I'LL DO IT AT NIGHT WHEN THERE'S NO ONE AROUND TO GET HURT. YOU GET THE WATCHMAN AWAY.
I'LL GET HIM AWAY IF I HAVE TO DRAG HIM AWAY BY THE MUSTACHE!

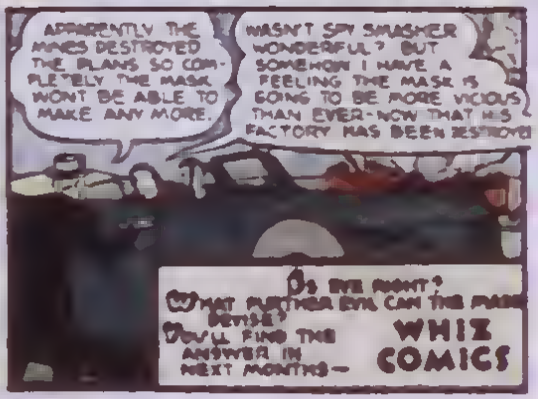

YOU'RE ENTIRELY TOO SNOOPY, YOUNG LADY - WHEN I CATCH YOU THE BOSS WILL MAKE YOU MIGHTY SORRY YOU GOT SO CURIOUS.
AM. YAH YOU CAN'T CATCH A FLEA
THAT NIGHT AT THE APPOINTED TIME EVE CARRIES OUT THE PLAN BY ROLLING THE WATCHMAN INTO A CRASHING MISS.

SECONDS LATER SPY SMASHER DROPS A HIGHLY MAGNETIZED DISC THROUGH THE FACTORY SKYLIGHT AND THE MINES START ROLLING SLOWLY TOWARD IT.

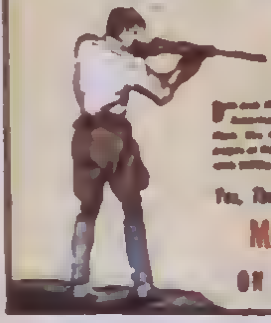

NOW I'VE GOT YOU MISS SNOOPER I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU IN THE PLANT UNTIL THE BOSS GETS BACK.
NO! NO! DON'T TAKE ME BACK TO THE FACTORY- WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED.
BUT TRIPS AND THE WATCHMAN GET MIXED UP AND HE'S BACK TOWARD THE FACTORY-AS THE MINES WHINE ROLL ON AND ON TOWARD CERTAIN EXPLOSION


THAT PLANE - HE'S TRYING TO SHOOT US!
NO - HE'S JUST TRYING TO STOP US FROM GOING BACK TO THE FACTORY
SPY SMASHER'S KEEN EYES TAKE IN THE STUNT ON BEACON AND HE HALTS THE WATCHMAN'S EFFORTS MOMENTARILY.


THE FACTORY- LOOK! IT'S BLOWING UP!
I TOLD YOU IT WOULDN'T BE HEALTHY FOR US IN THERE WELL I'M SORRY BUT I MUST RUN ALONG NOW - AND THIS TIME I WON'T TRIP!
WOOM!


APPARENTLY THE MINES DESTROYED THE PLANS SO COMPLETELY THE MASK WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE ANY MORE.
WASN'T SPY SMASHER WONDERFUL? BUT SOMEHOW I HAVE A FEELING THE MASK IS GOING TO BE MORE VICIOUS THAN EVER - NOW THAT HIS FACTORY HAS BEEN DESTROYED
Is SPY RIGHT? WHAT FURTHER EVIL CAN THE MASK DEVISE? YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER IN NEXT MONTH'S—
WHIZ COMICS

There's HIGH ADVENTURE AHEAD
IN
MASTER COMICS
WORLD'S BIGGEST COMICS BOOK



Yes, There's a Reason Why EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT
MASTER COMICS WORLD'S BIGGEST COMICS BOOK
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 10¢

DAN DARE

IN COUNTERFEITER'S CONSPIRACY

DAN DARE, AMERICA'S ACE DETECTIVE, GOES TO MARCH AND DARE AGAINST THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL

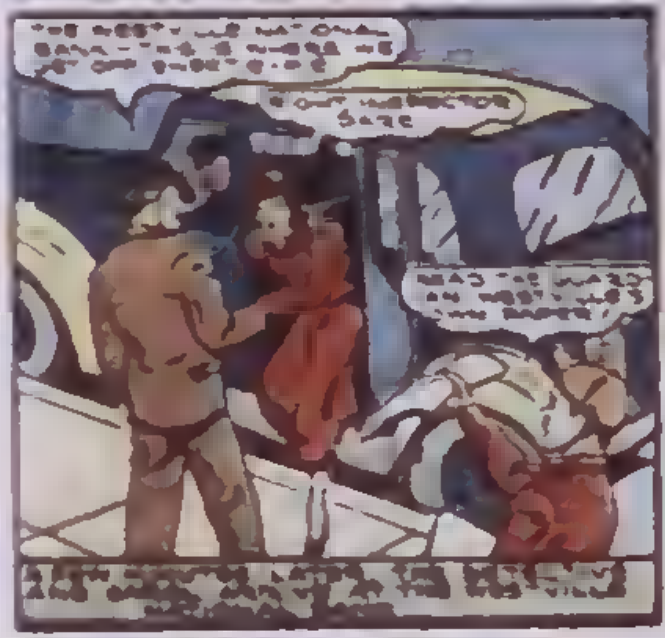
AFTER THAT DAY THE ACE INVESTIGATOR AND HIS ASSISTANT ARRIVE IN HIS 300-M.P.H. AIR-HOUR AIRPLANE AT NESTVILLE AIRPORT

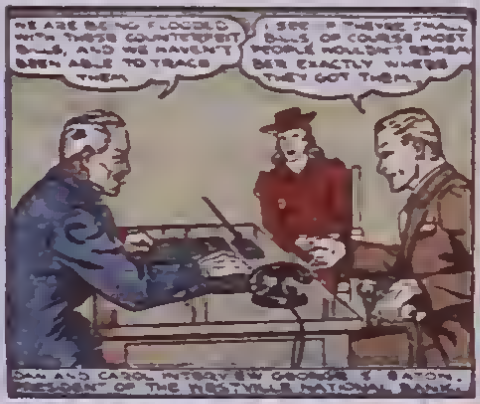
TELEGRAM

DAN DARE

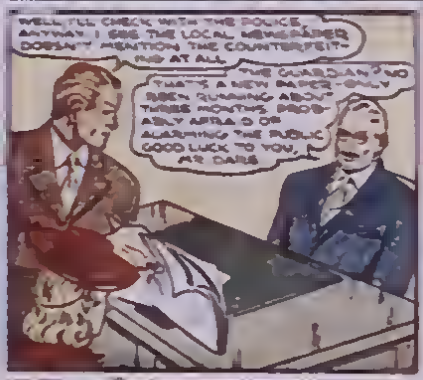
RICH COUNTERFEIT MONEY IN DOLLAR OF SMALL DENOMINATION APPEARING IN THIS DISTRICT. SITUATION VERY SERIOUS. NEED YOUR HELP AT ONCE

GEORGE S. BATON
PRESIDENT
NESTVILLE NATIONAL BANK



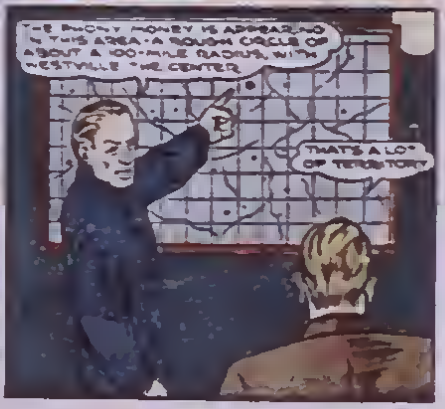

WE ARE BEING FLOODED WITH THESE COUNTERFEIT BILLS, AND WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TRACE THEM
I SEE. THEY'RE SMALL BILLS, OF COURSE MOST PEOPLE WOULDN'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHERE THEY GOT THEM.
DAN AND CAROL INTERVIEW GEORGE F. BATON, PRESIDENT OF THE WESTVILLE NATIONAL BANK.

I TELL YOU IT'S SERIOUS. THE POLICE HAVEN'T MADE ANY PROGRESS—IT'S UP TO YOU


WELL, I'LL CHECK WITH THE POLICE, ANYWAY. I SEE THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER DOESN'T MENTION THE COUNTERFEITS AND AT ALL
THAT'S A NEW MAYOR—ONLY BEEN RUNNING ABOUT THREE MONTHS. PROBABLY AFRAID OF ALARMING THE PUBLIC
GOOD LUCK TO YOU, MR. DARE

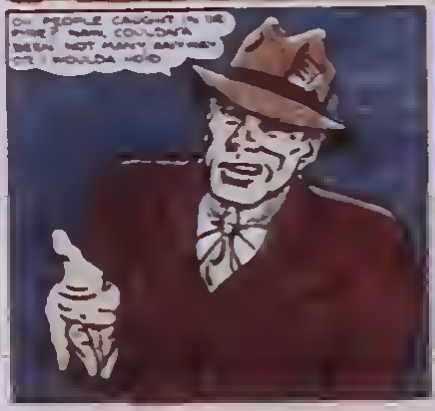
YOU HAVE A TOUGH CASE ON YOUR HANDS THIS TIME, MASTER MIND
I LIKE THEM TOUGH—LET'S GO AND SEE WHAT THE POLICE CAN TELL US

GLAD TO HELP YOU, SIR—I CAN'T BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH. COME INSIDE
THOUGHT I'D BETTER CHECK WITH YOU
DAN AND CAROL CALL ON THE CHIEF OF THE WESTVILLE POLICE

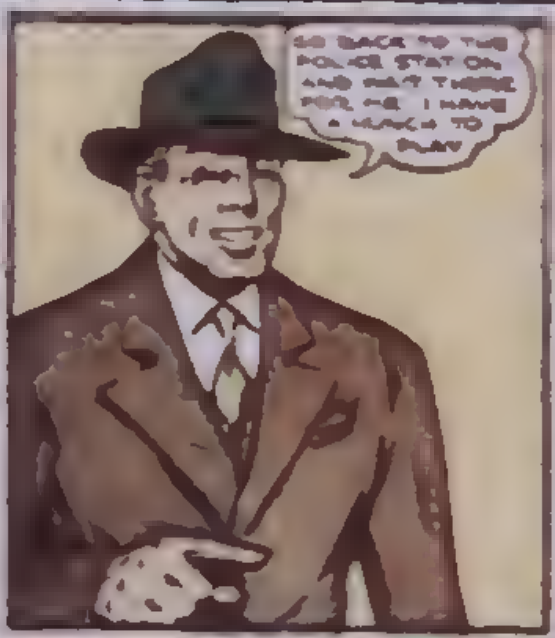

THE PHONY MONEY IS APPEARING IN THIS AREA—A ROUGH CIRCLE OF ABOUT A 100-MILE RADIUS, WITH WESTVILLE THE CENTER
THAT'S A LOT OF TERRITORY

CHIEF! THERE'S A FIRE ON GROVE STREET - THEY NEED SOME MEN RIGHT AWAY TO KEEP THE CROWDS UNDER CONTROL!
SEND OUT AN ALARM! I'LL GO MYSELF AND TAKE CHARGE!
COME ON CAROL - LET'S HAVE A LOOK!
AN EMERGENCY CALL FOR THE POLICE

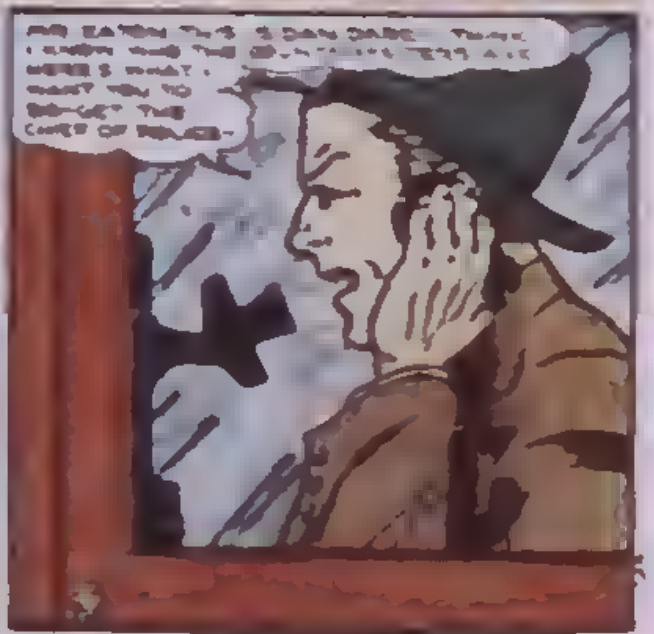
THE CHIEF OF POLICE TAKES HIS DETECTIVE AND HIS ASSISTANT THROUGH THE FIRE LINES



AND WHAT DO DO?

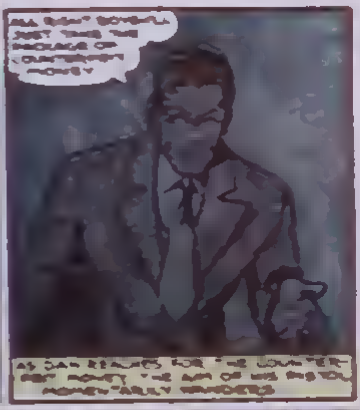

SO BACK TO THE POLICE STAT ON AND WAIT THERE FOR ME. I HAVE A HUNCH TO PLAY

WE GOT TO GET TO A TELEPHONE



WELL, I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME, JOE. MAYBE WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR MR. DALE WHEN HE COMES TO SEE US
TAKE HER DOWNSTAIRS AND KEEP HER THERE
WHAT? WHY— YOU CAN'T—
OH, CAN'T WE? COME ON, SISTER
WE'LL BRING YOUR DETECTIVE PAL DOWN LATER. MAYBE WE'LL EVEN LET HIM WATCH US DO SOME OF OUR [illegible]
IN THE PRESS ROOM OF THE GUARDIAN, CHRIS FINDS HERSELF A HELPLESS PRISONER
[illegible] RIDES THE ROOF OF THE NEWSPAPER DELIVERY TRUCK AS IT SPEEDS THROUGH THE OPEN COUNTRY
HELLO MIKE! YOUR PAPERS!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN A SMALL TOWN, THE TRUCK STOPS IN FRONT OF A STORE.
LET'S HAVE ONE, PAL
OKAY, BOYS

WHAT THE--
STICK 'EM UP!

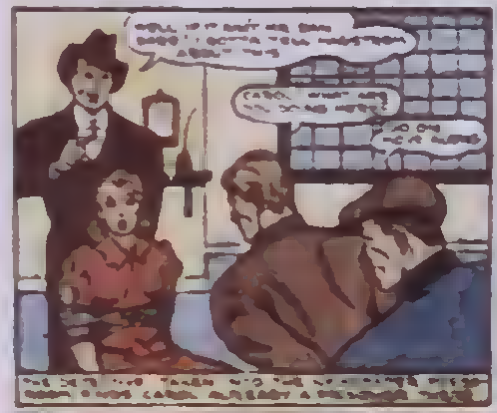

HA, BABY DOWELL JUST TAKE THE PACKAGE OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY
AS DAN REACHES FOR THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY, THE ARM OF HIS PISTOL MOMENTARILY WAVERS

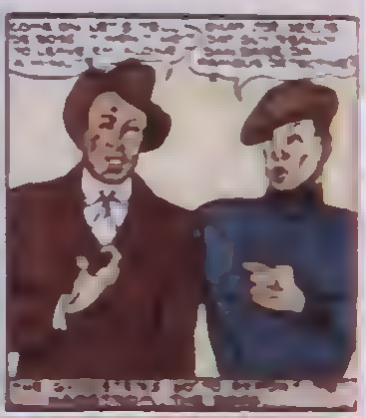
YOU GET HELL GIVE YA SOMETHING BESIDES OVAL DONUTS
COME ON! WE GOT 'EM!
IN AN INSTANT THE THUGS JUMP ON THE DETECTIVE AND DISARM HIM

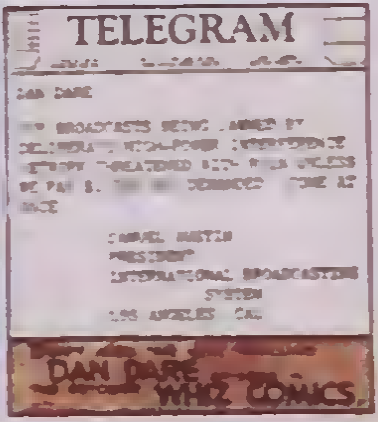
THIS IS--THAT'LL HOLD YA
DRAT WELL WE OUGHT TO BE IN THE TUNNEL--THIS SHOULD HOLD 'EM FOR THEM OUT
DAN BARR, HIS HANDS BOUND, BECOMES A HELPLESS PRISONER

YOU PICKED THE WRONG GUYS TO MESS WITH, BROTHER
I SURE LIKES THAT MAN DOESN'T IT?
THE THUGS TWO MORE THE DETECTIVE BACK TOWARD WESTVILLE

COME ON! THIS IS WHERE WE GET OUT!
WHAT DO WE WANT WITH 'EM?
COME ALONG, DAN BARR, UNDER ARREST FOR WESTVILLE COUNTERFEIT RACKET






TELEGRAM
DAN DARE
DAN DARE
WHIZ COMICS

JUNGLE LUCK

THE NATIVES SWORE that a white leopard was preying the jungles of Portuguese West Africa, and at once the museum ordered me to get it. I hired bearers and bought rations, guns and tents at Benguela. My guide was Gun Smith. He was a good one.

We were fourteen days from nowhere, when Smith—he and I were ahead of the caravan, during a lukewarm shower — flung up his express rifle and fired into the depths of the green damp bush. He then stepped back and struck a light for his enemy old pipe. The bearers stopped dead, staring. I turned on Smith.

"What's the idea, Gun?" I demanded. "I didn't bring along enough ammunition for you to do target practice."

He was wagging his big bearded head and muttering about his luck. He didn't answer me. Instead there was a heavy, squashy plop from an overhanging tree at the edge of the thicket. I stared at what had fallen—a great rotten-ripe papaya. As the near-hungry bearers dropped their loads and ran forward to cut it up, the large snake still writhed.

"I saw him hiding up there," Smith said me. "He might have dropped on one of the boys. Not bad shooting, eh, Mr. Barry?"

Quite a man, Gun Smith — young but seasoned, tall and lean, a noble set of whiskers and the biggest fists and shoulders I ever saw. Everybody in Benguela, and almost everybody through the Union of South Africa as well, and he knew the jungle even better than the natives.

He spoke every Bantu and Bantu dialect, and they swore he could talk Pass Zambesi to the Cameroons bloodlessly. He was the best shot I ever knew—could hit targets I couldn't even see.

"Nice work, Gun," I said as I watched the butchering of the python. "That devil might've caused plenty of trouble if you hadn't plugged him."

"Not at all. Mr. Barry just our luck."

To Gun, everything he did he called "luck."

WE WERE SOMEWHERE in the Kasonga territory when a spear whistled through the air and thudded into the ground at my feet. Immediately a faint rumbling of savage war drums began beating a hammering rhythm.

"Smith," I yelled, running excitedly to his side. "What do you make of this?"

He removed the spear, and through narrowed eyes examined it.

"This is a Gangella spear," he finally replied. "We're not wanted."

With Smith leading them, shouting and looking ominous in a clipped tone, the frightened bearers quickly gathered up the baggage and marched toward a large clearing. There he maneuvered them into a circle, in the midst of which, in reach of all, he placed the ammunition. I stood, bewildered, while he gave each man a rifle and warned them all to shoot straight and steady.

His huge head vanished me within the circle, then gave my shoulder a fatherly pat.

"I know what you're thinking," he said gently, peering straight into my eyes. "But there's no use running. Once in the thickets, those Gangellas would butcher us."

He ended by blowing away at a shiny figure creeping stealthily through the tall grass, and a pointed savage toward up in a scream, clutching a blood-covered throat.

"Fire away!" yelled Gun, and the rifles rattled—answered by wild shouts from the trees. The battle was on.

Gun Smith stood up amid a hail of spears and arrows and with unprovoked precision sent his lead into sleek, black bodies that tumbled all about. I never dreamed that one man and a rifle could cause such destruction. He allowed me here to pick off the leaping figures in the foreground, but every time his gun spoke, a Gangella fell

from somewhere to bring Gun Smith—here that name fitted him.

Finally the canoes, shot to pieces, drifted landing into the thickets, and an eerie silence fell. The smoke drew down of drums ceased, and the night settled down like a coverlet.

"Do you think they've fin-ished?" I whispered in a frightened tone.

"Can't say for certain," he answered. "We'll camp—if they don't return at dawn, they've had enough."

They didn't return—thanks to their memory of Smith's every rifle.

AT THE YENYA village, Gun had spent a short with Chief Abuga and his leading subjects. I could tell from the harsh tone of his voice and the quick gestures of his hands that he was rapidly getting angry with the lot of them. Eventually, he threw up his arms in complete disgust and approached me with a look that made even me flinch.

"Well, Mr. Barry," he spoke in a hollow tone. "I see can save the men back toward the coast. There never was a white leopard, it's all a silly legend."

"What?" I demanded in amazement. "Are you sure old Abuga isn't lying a trifle?"

His eyes closed to small burning lights, and he threw his chin out at a firm angle. One hand dropped to the express rifle and gave it a pat of reinforcement.

"Abuga wouldn't lie to me," he snapped angrily. "He knows what I'd do to his whole village. There isn't a doubt in all Portuguese West who'd dare pull the wool over my eyes."

I agreed with him. There was nothing to do but return—after all, we don't hang around those lower-coloured people for the sheer joy of it.

When he reached the Lobesango River, Smith called a halt. On the far side was a native village. Shrubby cannon lined the river's edge.

"We'll get some canoes," he suggested. "And paddle north to where the Lobesango joins the Congo. The trip will be easier if finished by boat."

French by boat—what a perfect idea! But who would purchase a boat from those natives? I didn't know how friendly they were, and I didn't relish finding out, as again Mr. Smith was unanimously elected.

At first he objected almost rudely to crossing the river, but he finally weakened under my pleadings. As I saw him pick his way across the narrow bamboo dividing the river, I thought he made some remark about his old friend, Lady Luck, but I ignored it and urged him on.

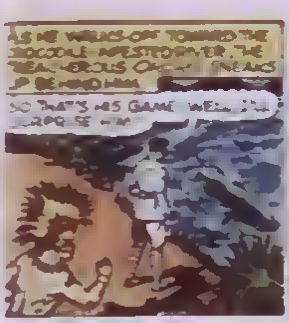
Almost halfway across he stopped, and with a cursing oath went splashing into the rushing waters. I raced forward with the thought of ambushes, my gun ready for action. After plunging and sliding over the bamboo in slow fashion, I reached the spot only to find Smith's lifeless body being swept by the swirling current. He had drowned!

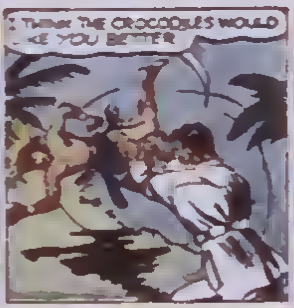
"No wonder he objected to crossing that river; no wonder he called on Lady Luck! Gun Smith, shrewd man of the jungle and fearless fighter, couldn't swim a stroke! The bravest he called "luck" had failed to help him conquer water — to meet people the unknown, but to him the great unknown.

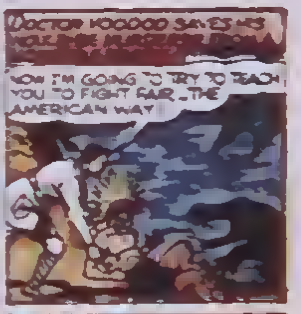
The End.

Dr. Voodoo
THE CANNY YOUNG AMERICAN ADVENTURER UP IN THE VILLAGE OF THE BLANCAS - FIERCE WHITE INDIANS OF THE AMAZON - IS HAILED AS DOCTOR VOODOO. HE HAS BEATEN OKORO, THE MEDICINE MAN, IN AN ATTEMPT TO KILL HIM AND MAKANYA, A BEAUTIFUL WHITE GIRL WHO LIVES ALONE WITH JAGORA, A PET JAGUAR, ARAL AND MAKANYA PLAN TO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE WELFARE OF THE BLANCAS NOT REALIZING THE DANGERS AWAITING THEM...
WHILE DOCTOR VOODOO AND MAKANYA PLAN FOR THE FUTURE, OKORO CONSULTS THE ORACLE...
OKORO OBTAINS THE HELP HE WISHES...
THAT'S GREAT NEWS AS I JUST SAW A
DOCTOR VOODOO & I'S OKORO HAVE COME TO MAKE IT PEACE WITH YOU.
DOCTOR VOODOO CALLS OKORO'S OFFER OF
OKORO DISTRUSTS DOCTOR VOODOO'S MOTIVES AND
MAKANYA TRANSLATES JAGORA'S WARNING TO DOCTOR VOODOO
OH NO, PLEASE DON'T TELL OKORO HERE'S MORE JAGORA SAYS THAT
SURE SURE DO
AS SHE LEAVES ARAL GIVES OUT THE VOODOO SIGNAL
DOCTOR VOODOO PONDERS THE ANSWER TO HIS OWN QUESTION
NOW WHAT DID SHE MEAN BY THAT?

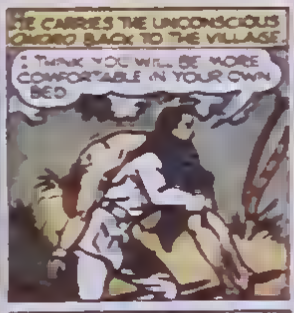
DOCTOR VOODOO HASTENS TO TELL MALANDA ABOUT THE STRANGERS.
BUT MALANDA HAS ALREADY
NOW LADDA BE NICE, NYONGWA — BRC — WAMBA
GRR-GRR-GRR
NO MARINYA YOU MUST NOT GOOF OF YOUR MAT.. I FORBID IT
WHO ARE YOU TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO? OH, I HATE YOU
THAT NIGHT THE CUSTOMARY WELCOMING BANQUET IS GIVEN THE STRANGERS, WHO HAVE BROUGHT
IS IT GOOD MA?
NO A WHOLE IT IS BO FOR NO ONE
FIRE WATER BURNS
WOW
FROM THE SHADOWS A YOUNG BUNGA GIRL WATCHES STEALTHILY.
ONE OF THE STRANGERS HAS
OH — THERE'S A BE... IS A ...
YOU A LOCAL ... OF THE ...
HELP DOCTOR VOODOO — HELP
DOCTOR VOODOO HEARS HER CALL AND RUSHES UP
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE
LEAVE THAT GIRL ALONE
SWARMING THE ... LEAPS AT DOCTOR VOODOO
... TA — ... TA — ... YOU TO SUFFER! ... NOT TO CAUSE TROUBLE AROUND HERE
LET ME GO LET ME GO GIVE UP.
... AND DOCTOR VOODOO MAKES HIMSELF ANOTHER ENEMY.
... OH YOUR HEART OUT FOR THIS
WHO WAS RIGHT? THEY ARE BAD MEN

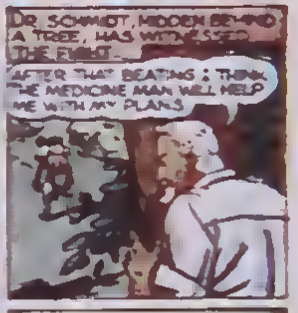

AS HE WALKS OFF TOWARD THE CROCODILE INFESTED RIVER, THE TREACHEROUS CHIEF LEAPS UP BEHIND HIM.
SO THAT'S HIS GAME! WELL, I'LL SURPRISE HIM.

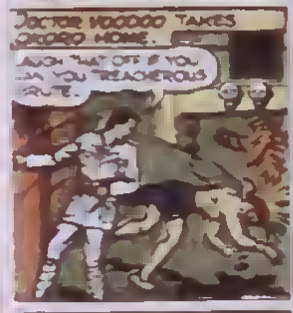

I THINK THE CROCODILES WOULD LIKE YOU BETTER.


DOCTOR VOODOO SAVES HIS OWN LIFE BY TREACHERY.
NOW I'M GOING TO TRY TO TEACH YOU TO FIGHT FAIR - THE AMERICAN WAY!

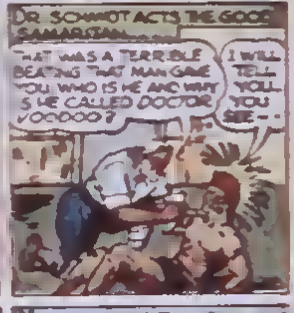
HE FIGHTS QUICKLY OVER.
GO TO SLEEP FOR AWHILE - AND PLEASANT DREAMS.

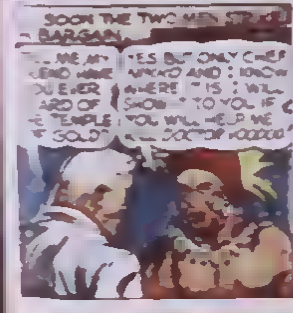

HE CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS OKORO BACK TO THE VILLAGE.
I THINK YOU WILL BE MORE COMFORTABLE IN YOUR OWN BED.

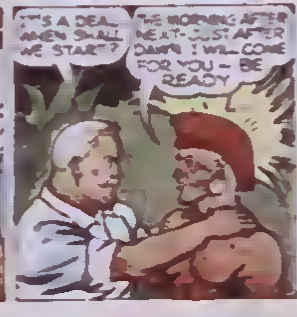

DR. SCHMIDT, HIDDEN BEHIND A TREE, HAS WITNESSED THE FIGHT.
AFTER THAT BEATING, I THINK THE MEDICINE MAN WILL HELP ME WITH MY PLANS.

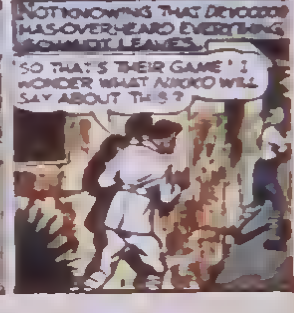

DOCTOR VOODOO TAKES OKORO HOME.
AUGH! THAT OFF IS YOU, YOU TREACHEROUS BRUTE.

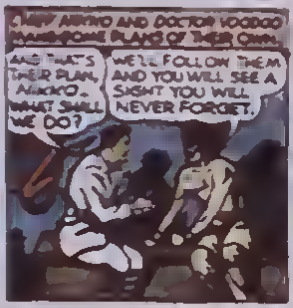
THE SAVAGE VOWS ETERNAL VENGEANCE.
YES, I'LL LAUGH WHEN MY TURN COMES.

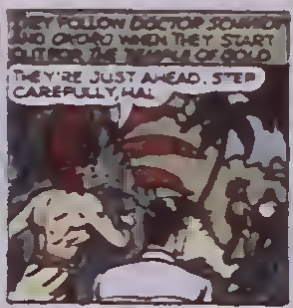

DR. SCHMIDT ACTS THE GOOD SAMARITAN.
WHAT WAS A TERRIBLE BEATING THAT MAN GAVE YOU. WHO IS HE AND WHY IS HE CALLED DOCTOR VOODOO?
I WILL TELL YOU, SEE -

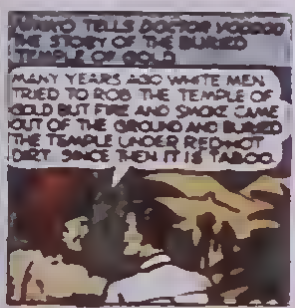

SOON THE TWO MEN STRIKE A BARGAIN.
YES, BUT ONLY CHIEF NIKKO AND I KNOW WHERE IT IS. I WILL SHOW IT TO YOU IF YOU WILL HELP ME
ALL DOCTOR VOODOO!

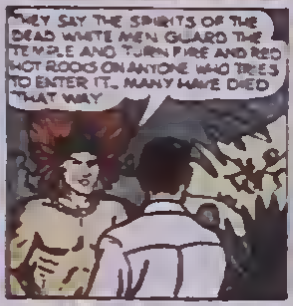

IT'S A DEAL. WHEN SHALL WE START?
THE MORNING AFTER NEXT - JUST AFTER DAWN. I WILL COME FOR YOU - BE READY

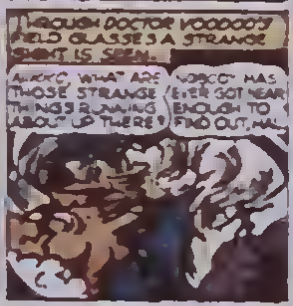

NOT KNOWING THAT DR. VOODOO HAS OVERHEARD EVERYTHING, SCHMIDT LEAVES.
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME! I WONDER WHAT NIKKO WILL SAY ABOUT THIS?

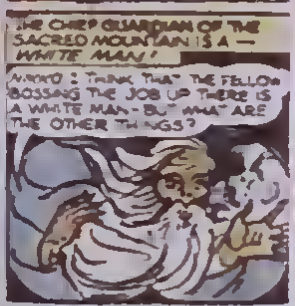

CHIEF NUKHO AND DOCTOR VOODOO MAKE SOME PLANS OF THEIR OWN.
AND THAT'S THEIR PLAN, NUKKO. WHAT SHALL WE DO?
WE'LL FOLLOW THEM AND YOU WILL SEE A SIGHT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET.

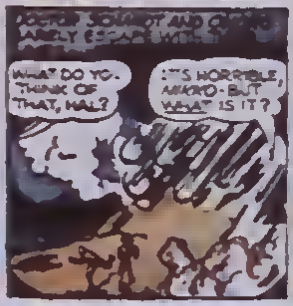


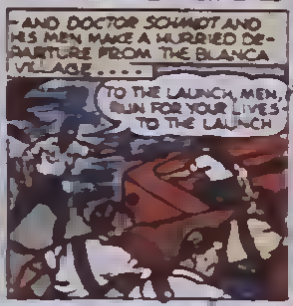

NUKHO TELLS DOCTOR VOODOO THE STORY OF THE BURIED TEMPLE OF GOLD
MANY YEARS AGO WHITE MEN TRIED TO ROB THE TEMPLE OF GOLD BUT FIRE AND SMOKE CAME OUT OF THE GROUND AND BURIED THE TEMPLE UNDER RED HOT DIRT. SINCE THEN IT IS TABOO

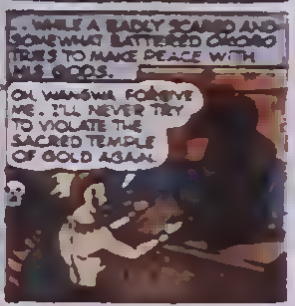

THEY SAY THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD WHITE MEN GUARD THE TEMPLE AND TURN FIRE AND RED HOT ROCKS ON ANYONE WHO TRIES TO ENTER IT. MANY HAVE DIED THAT WAY

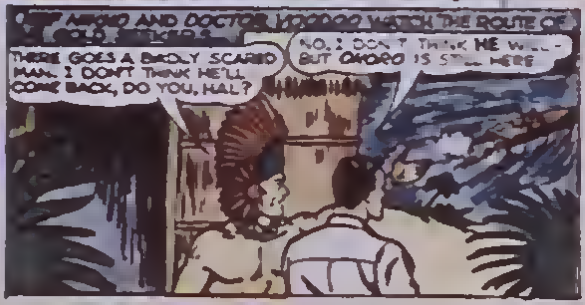

THROUGH DOCTOR VOODOO'S FIELD GLASSES A STRANGE SIGHT IS SEEN.
NUKKO, WHAT ARE THOSE STRANGE THINGS RUNNING ABOUT UP THERE?
NOBODY HAS EVER GOT NEAR ENOUGH TO FIND OUT, HAL


THE CHIEF GUARDIAN OF THE SACRED MOUNTAIN IS A — WHITE MAN!
NUKHO: THINK THAT THE FELLOW BOSSING THE JOB UP THERE IS A WHITE MAN - BUT WHAT ARE THE OTHER THINGS?



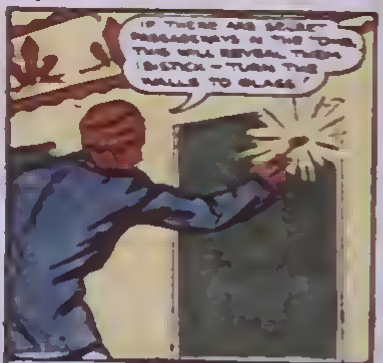

AND DOCTOR SCHMIDT AND HIS MEN MAKE A HURRIED DEPARTURE FROM THE BLANCA VILLAGE....
TO THE LAUNCH, MEN, RUN FOR YOUR LIVES — TO THE LAUNCH

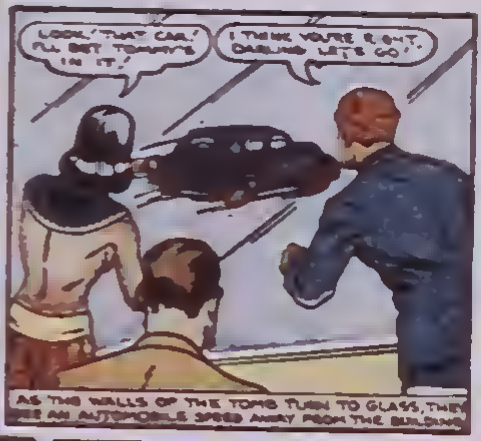

...WHILE A BADLY SCARED AND SOMEWHAT BATTERED OKORO TRIES TO MAKE PEACE WITH HIS GODS.
OH, WANGWA FORGIVE ME. I'LL NEVER TRY TO VIOLATE THE SACRED TEMPLE OF GOLD AGAIN

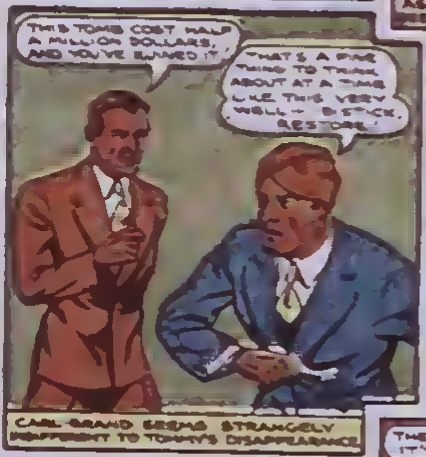

NUKHO AND DOCTOR VOODOO WATCH THE ROUTE OF GOLD HUNTERS
THERE GOES A BADLY SCARED MAN. I DON'T THINK HE'LL COME BACK, DO YOU, HAL?
NO. I DON'T THINK HE WILL - BUT OKORO IS STILL HERE

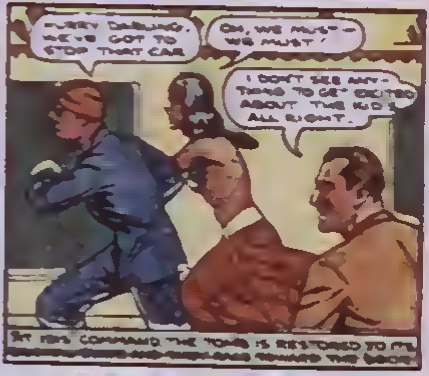
WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THE STRANGE FIRES AT *THE TEMPLE OF GOLD*? WHO OR WHAT GUARDS THE ENTRANCE SO ZEALOUSLY? WHO IS THE LITTLE WHITE MAN? WHAT STRANGE ADVENTURES HAS FATE IN STORE FOR DOCTOR VOODOO? MAXINYA, CHIEF NUKHO AND JABBAR? CAN THEY DEFEAT THE EVIL PLANS OF OKORO...? LOOK FOR DOCTOR VOODOO IN NEXT MONTH'S *WHIZ COMICS*

IBIS
THE INVINCIBLE
DESTINED TO LIVE IN A MODERN CIVILIZATION 4,000 YEARS AFTER THEIR DEATH IN ANCIENT THEBES, THE EGYPTIAN PRINCE IBIS AND HIS BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS TALA MATCH WITS AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL AND DESTRUCTION. MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST INJUSTICE IS THE POTENT WRYSTICK, A MAGICAL WAND CAPABLE OF PERFORMING MIRACLES.
IBIS — IT'S THE TOMB OF AMHOS, THE BLACK PHARAOH. OH, SOME TERRIBLE CALAMITY WILL HAPPEN!
I'M AFRAID SO AMHOS LEFT A CURSE ON ANYONE WHO DISTURBED HIS GRAVE.
INSIDE THE GLOOMY TOMB, A GLOWING PANEL IN THE WALL SUDDENLY OPENS AND A SHADOWY FIGURE GRABS TOMMY AND DRAGS HIM INTO A SECRET CHAMBER.
WHERE'S TOMMY? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
I DON'T KNOW! I THOUGHT HE WAS WALKING AHEAD WITH YOU.
TOMMY, TOMMY! WHERE ARE YOU?
IF THE CURSE OF AMHOS HAS TOMMY, NOT EVEN THE IBISTICK CAN HELP US RELEASE HIM.
OH, IBIS, WHAT SHALL WE DO?


IF THERE ARE SECRET PASSAGEWAYS IN THIS TOMB, THIS WILL REVEAL THEM! BISTICK - TURN THE WALLS TO GLASS!
ISIS POINTS THE ALL-POWERFUL BISTICK AND UTTERS A COMMAND.


LOOK! THAT CAR! I'LL BET TOMMY'S IN IT!
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, DARLING! LET'S GO!
AS THE WALLS OF THE TOMB TURN TO GLASS, THEY SEE AN AUTOMOBILE SPEED AWAY FROM THE BUILDING!


THIS TOMB COST HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, AND YOU'VE RUINED IT!
THAT'S A FINE THING TO THINK ABOUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS! VERY WELL — BISTICK, RESTORE!
CARL BRAND SEEMS STRANGELY INDIFFERENT TO TOMMY'S DISAPPEARANCE

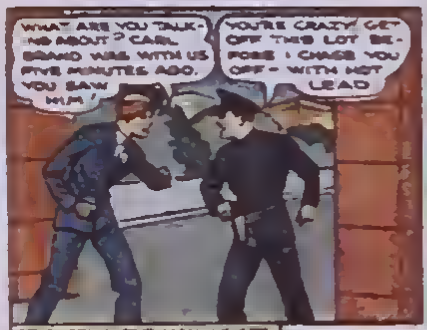

HURRY DARLING, WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT CAR!
OH, WE MUST — WE MUST!
I DON'T SEE ANY-THING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT. THIS KID'S ALL RIGHT.
AT ISIS'S COMMAND THE TOMB IS RESTORED TO ITS

I'M SO I CAN'T SEE A THING!
SOMEBODY TURNED THOSE LIGHTS OUT DELIBERATELY. HEY — WHAT'S THIS?
SUDDENLY, THE ANCIENT TOMB IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS

THE BISTICK, IT'S GONE!
YES — AND SO IS MR. BRAND!
WHEN THE LIGHTS COME AGAIN, ISIS HAS LOST THE

DID YOU SEE A BLACK SEDAN PASS HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO?
NO SIR. NO AUTOMOBILES HAVE BEEN ON THE LOT ALL MORNING! THIS IS THE ONLY GATE, SO I'D A SEEN 'EM IF THEY HAD.
OUTSIDE, THEY QUESTION THE GATEKEEPER.

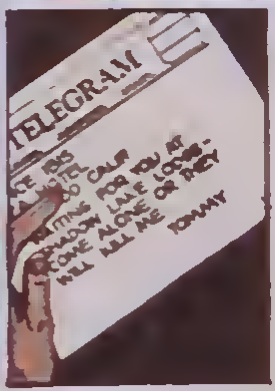
WE-ell, WHERE IS MR. BRAND? SURELY YOU SAW HIM COME OUT OF THAT EGYPTIAN BUILDING JUST NOW.
MR. BRAND? WHY HE'S ON HIS VACATION, SIR. LEFT YESTERDAY. I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE WENT!

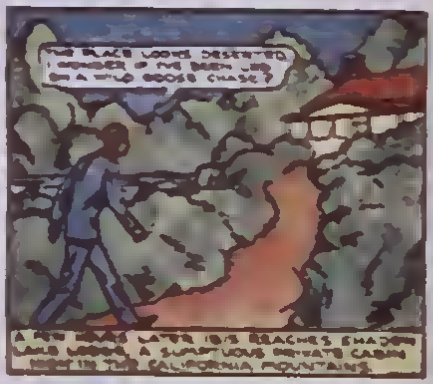

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? CARL BRAND WAS WITH US FIVE MINUTES AGO. YOU SAW HIM!
YOU'RE CRAZY! GET OFF THIS LOT BEFORE I CHASE YOU OFF - WITH HOT LEAD
STUBBORNLY, THE MAN INSISTS THAT HE HAS SEEN NEITHER THE MOVIE PRODUCER NOR THE MYSTERIOUS CAR IN WHICH TOMMY HAS BEEN ABDUCTED

OBVIOUSLY THE GATEKEEPER IS LYING
YES - BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FIND TOMMY AND WHY WAS HE KIDNAPED?
AND DON'T COME BACK!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'LL BE A MESSAGE WAITING FOR US AT OUR HOTEL.

ANY MESSAGES FOR ME?
YES, SIR. HERE'S A TELEGRAM THAT JUST ARRIVED FOR YOU

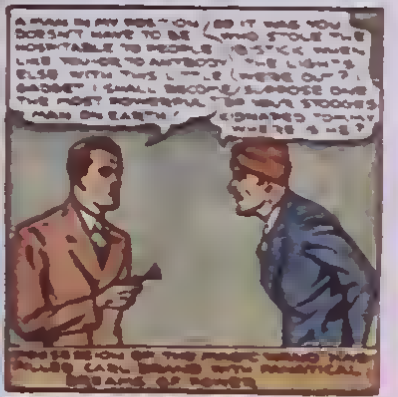

TELEGRAM
WAITING FOR YOU AT WINDSOR LANE LODGE. COME ALONE OR THEY WILL KILL ME
TOMMY



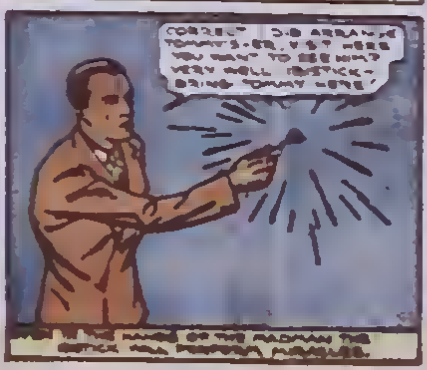
A FEW HOURS LATER JOE BREACHES SHADOW LAKE LODGE, A LUXURIOUS PRIVATE CABIN HIDDEN IN THE CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS.

AS HE APPROACHES THE FRONT DOOR A GIGANTIC MAN SUDDENLY LEAPS AT HIM FROM BEHIND.

MANHUNTER'S AND JOE HOOD, THE AMERICAN COMES FACE TO FACE WITH CARL BRAND, THE MOVIE PRODUCER!


A MAN IN MY POSITION DOESN'T WANT TO BE HOSPITABLE TO PEOPLE LIKE TRAVER TO ANYBODY ELSE WITH THIS LITTLE GADGET I SHALL BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH!
SO IT WAS YOU WHO STOLE THE GADGET, TOMMY HARRIS! WHERE IS HE?

THUS DO WE FIND OUR MAGIC WORLD HAS FALLEN CARL BRAND WITH MAGICAL POWERS OF POWER.



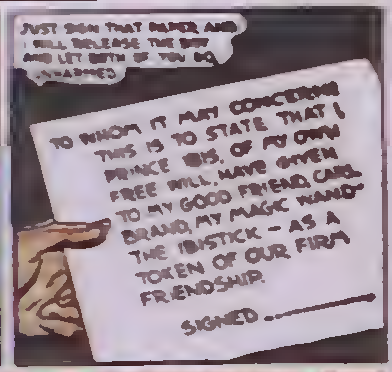
MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE MADMAN THE BRITISH HAS PREPARED HIMSELF.

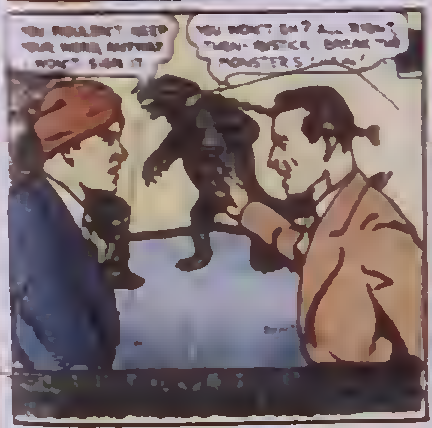
MEANWHILE, TOMMY APPEARS AS THE MASTER WORKS ITS MAGIC.

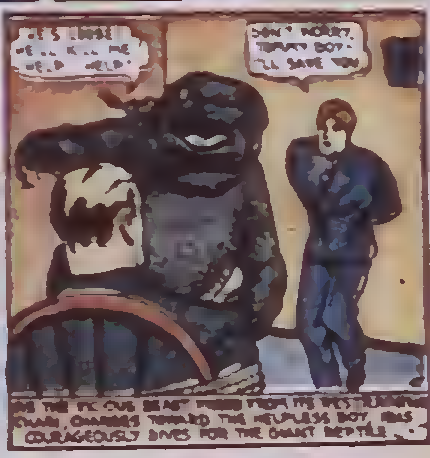
A STICK BRING ME A GILA MONSTER - A BIG ONE!
ONCE MORE THE POWER CRAZED MOVIE MOGUL CALLS UPON THE POTENT MAGIC WAND

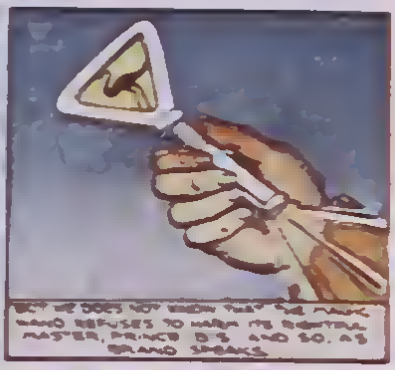
MERCY-SAVE ME SAVE ME
A DRAMATIC MONSTER WHOSE BITE MEANS CERTAIN DEATH, LUNGES FOR THE HELPLESS BOY.

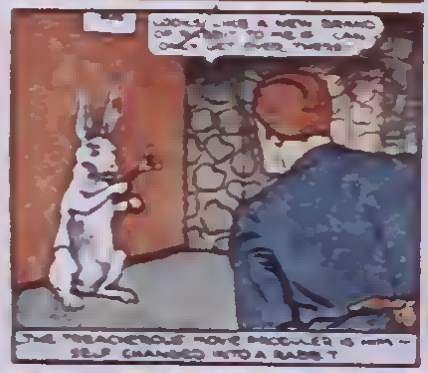
WHAT IS IT? LET ME SEE IT

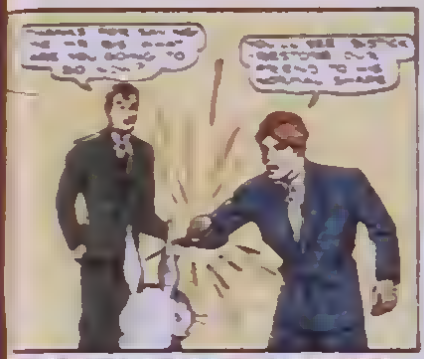

JUST SIGN THAT PAPER AND I WILL RELEASE THE BOY AND LET BOTH OF YOU GO, UNARMED
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: THIS IS TO STATE THAT I PRINCE BIS, OF MY OWN FREE WILL, HAVE GIVEN TO MY GOOD FRIEND, CARL BRAND, MY MAGIC WAND- THE BISTICK - AS A TOKEN OF OUR FIRM FRIENDSHIP.
SIGNED

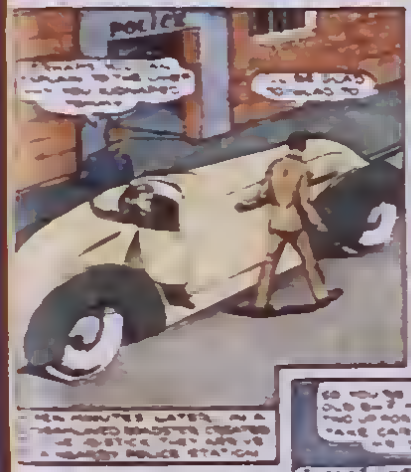

YOU WOULDN'T KEEP YOUR WORD, ANYWAY, SO I WON'T SIGN IT!
YOU WON'T EH? ALL RIGHT- THEN BISTICK, BREAK THE MONSTER'S NECK!

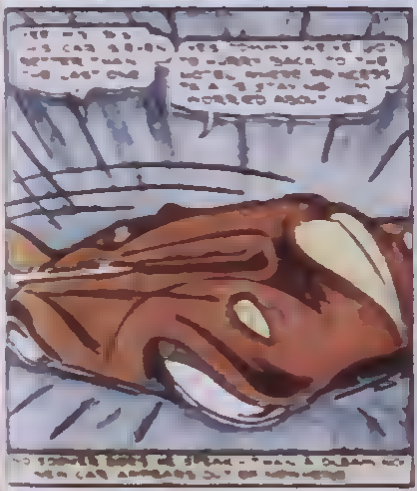

HE'S LOOSE! HE... K... ME HELP HELP
DON'T WORRY, TERRIFIED BOY- I'LL SAVE YOU
AS THE PET-CUS BEAST FREED FROM ITS PRESTIDIGITATOR CHARGES TOWARD THE HELPLESS BOY, IRIS COURAGEOUSLY DIVES FOR THE GIANT REPTILE...

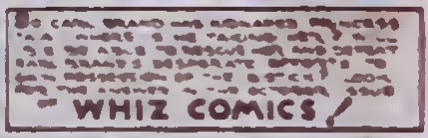


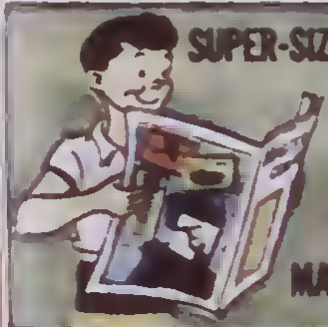





POLICE







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ASK YOUR FRIENDS IF THEY CAN LAY THE FOUR FIVES ON THE TABLE, SO THAT THE SPOTS TOTAL 16.

EXPLANATION

—OVERLAP EACH CARD—

BALANCING A CUP ON THE POINT OF A PENCIL—

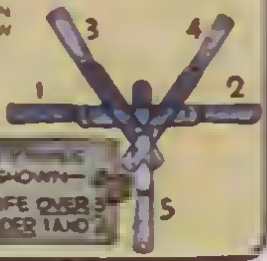
SO

AS

POINT OF A PENCIL

LIFT 4 KNIVES WITH ONE!

EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!



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